

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



'Woman with Bowl' (concrete) by Frank Dobson, from the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, London (see page 868)

In this number:

Britain's 'Muscle-Bound Economy' (Andrew Shonfield)

Reconsidering Relativity (W. B. Bonnor)

Is Our Culture Slowly Dying? (D. S. Savage)



‘... as much a part of the British scene as the
Tower of London or Lord’s cricket ground.’



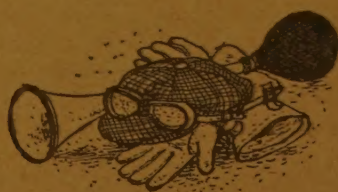
WHO would have thought that a film about so English an eccentricity as a veteran car rally would have cosmopolitan appeal? Certainly Pinewood Studios did—and GENEVIEVE has chugged a long, long way since she first took the London-to-Brighton road. No sleek limousine or high-powered

WORLD TOUR

‘The pleasures of laughter! I listened to those waves of gaiety that swept over the room; and when the show was finished I saw its freshness reflected in the faces of the audience.’ So wrote the film-critic of *Le Figaro* when GENEVIEVE opened at the Paris Cinema in the Champs-Élysées—later to smash all house records. More records were broken in Brussels and Amsterdam. In Zurich and Stockholm GENEVIEVE played to capacity houses. On the other side of the Atlantic, too, it has won laurels—acclaimed right across Canada; with an all-time record at the Sutton Cinema in New York; as Britain’s representative at Brazil’s Sao Paulo Film Festival. In Melbourne, on June 29th last year, GENEVIEVE smashed all house records at the Odeon Cinema.

The Amazing Adventures of GENEVIEVE

no racing car has ever equalled the success of this lovable veteran; nor earned so many valuable prizes in so many countries. For this gay comedy is winning pounds and pesetas, kroner and guilders, francs and escudos—dollars too. What’s more, it’s an export which millions have enjoyed at home.



EXPORT DRIVE

This film is only one illustration of the remarkable recovery of British films during the last few years—of the success that they are now enjoying overseas. (Last year 50% of the Rank Group’s film earnings came from abroad.) It’s good to know that this section of the British Film Industry is once more in top gear.

The Listener

Vol. LII. No. 1342

Thursday November 18 1954

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:		
Britain's 'Muscle-Bound Economy' (Andrew Shonfield)	...	835
The French Government's Dilemma in Algeria (Thomas Cadett)	...	837
Race Relations—VI. The Rebirth of Native Peoples (Walter Kolarz)	...	838
The German Magnet and Austrian Way of Life (Geoffrey Barraclough)	...	840
Is Our Culture Slowly Dying? (D. . . Savage)	...	852
THE LISTENER:		
An International Art	...	842
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	...	842
DID YOU HEAR THAT?		
Two Model Aeroplanes (Ivor Jones)	...	843
The Sicilian Cart (Ion S. Munro)	...	843
Mr. Gladstone at Church (Dorothy Parish)	...	844
The Cosy Detective Story (C. H. B. Kitchin)	...	844
THE REITH LECTURES:		
Britain and the Tide of World Affairs—II. A Fellowship of Free Nations (Sir Oliver Franks)	...	845
SCIENCE: Reconsidering Relativity (W. B. Bonnor)	...	847
POEM: Eternal Triangle (N. K. Cruickshank)	...	849
TOWN-PLANNING: Town-Planning in Sweden and Norway (Max Lock)	...	850
LAW IN ACTION:		
Freedom of Contract—Reality or Delusion? (A Barrister)	...	854
BIOGRAPHY: John Locke as Founder of the Board of Trade (Peter Laslett)		
...	...	856
NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK		
...	...	858
MISCELLANEOUS: Good-bye to Grock (Lionel Hale)		
...	...	860
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:		
From David E. Jones, R. Hughes-Hallett, Ernest J. Gale, C. H. Gibbs-Smith, E. R. Dew, Margaret Lane, Frederick G. Richford, H. F. Garten, Hilde Brinkmann, R. H. Ward, Max Kenyon, Louis Wilkinson, Cecil H. Lay, John Garland, G. H. Kenyon, Professor J. A. Westrup, J. Compton, Stanley Godman, and E. Tindall		
...	...	863
ART: Round the London Galleries (Quentin Bell)		
...	...	868
THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE		
...	...	871
CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:		
Television Documentary (Reginald Pound)		
...	...	876
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace)		
...	...	877
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin)		
...	...	877
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong)		
...	...	879
Music (Dyneley Hussey)		
...	...	879
MUSIC: 'Jenûfa' (Richard Gorer)		
...	...	881
FOR THE HOUSEWIFE		
...	...	883
NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS		
...	...	883
CROSSWORD NO. 1,281		
...	...	883

Britain's 'Muscle-Bound Economy'

ANDREW SHONFIELD compares our export trade with that of Germany

BRTAIN has not been as prosperous as she is now for forty years at least. To find anything remotely resembling the situation of the past year or so, you have to go back before the first world war. The boom of 1913 was the last time when the British economy produced so many varied and excellent results in combination: first, a high level of industrial activity and employment; second, a large balance of payments surplus sufficient to finance British investment overseas; third, a situation in which the country is saving a great deal and yet people are left with enough money to spend more and raise their living standards.

Even in the middle of the great boom of 1929, just before the great slump, the number of unemployed in Britain was still about ten per cent. of the working population, and in the smaller boom of 1937 it was even more. Today the figure is one per cent. Even a short while ago, many economists would have regarded a figure as low as this, especially if combined, as it has been, with a rising wage bill for those in employment, as incompatible with the earning of a surplus in our overseas payments. The last year seems to show that we can eat our cake and still have enough of it left over to satisfy the demands of foreign countries which rely on Britain as a source of capital for investment.

After all this, it will no doubt seem strange that what I want to discuss is why Britain is not doing better. But it is all a question of standards. We may be doing fine in this country compared with anything we have known for forty years; but our performance does not look nearly so spectacular when it is set against what our main competitors have managed to achieve at the

same time. I am speaking now only about exports; and the standard that I am using is the increase in export earnings this year compared with a year ago. Germany, Japan, and even the United States have all registered a bigger rise than Britain in the first six months of this year. The truth is that this latest period has been one of exceptional prosperity in world trade as a whole; the total amount of international commerce increased by six per cent. in value during the first half of this year. What this means roughly is that for every twenty tons of cargo shifted across any of the world's frontiers into a foreign market last year, there are some twenty-one tons this year.

All that Britain has done is to increase her own exports in roughly the same proportion. In other words, British exporters have maintained their former share of an enlarged volume of world trade. But the Germans have increased their share: they have managed to add this year something like two extra tons to every twenty tons that they exported last year. What is more, the latest figures covering the period from July onwards show that the German lead on last year's export totals is growing sharply, whereas Britain appears to be falling back slightly. In the first quarter of 1954 both German and British exports were up by about seven per cent. on the same quarter of 1953, whereas by the third quarter the German rise was over twenty per cent. and the British only four-and-a-half per cent.

That is a dramatic contrast; and I think you will agree that in spite of our recent successes in the economic field, it is not just carping to ask: 'Why haven't we done better?' In order to attempt an answer to this question we must look at the German

case more closely. Have the Germans, for instance, been less lavish in their spending at home, thus leaving them with a bigger proportion of their output available for sale abroad? This is an obvious first suspicion; and furthermore it would, if justified, have the result, which is so delicious to any economist, of putting the economic loser firmly in the wrong from a moral point of view. However, I am forced to report that there is absolutely nothing to support such a thesis on this occasion. On the contrary, the Germans have increased their spending in the shops even more than we have in this country this year. There has been a big retail boom in both countries, and there has even been a close similarity in the pattern of buying by shoppers in Britain and in Germany. The big volume of extra money has concentrated on furniture, and on household goods generally. There has also been good trade in radio and electrical goods, and in motor-cars. In both countries this has been accompanied by a marked growth of hire purchase—a method of payment which has hitherto been much less widely used in Germany than here.

Higher Earnings

However, the main source of the extra money that has gone to pay for these goods has, of course, been higher earnings. And here, again, the evidence suggests that German wage rates have probably been rising somewhat faster than British this year. Characteristically, Germany's big labour conflict—the Bavarian metal workers' strike last August—was about a claim for higher wages, and was, in fact, the signal for widespread wage increases affecting many millions; whereas the big British strike, which took place in the docks last month, was about hours of work and the opposition to the enforcement of overtime. The great mass of workers in British industry are working long hours at present—slightly longer than before the war—and are earning well. There is certainly no indication that British labour costs are moving out of line with German or with those of our other main competitors. Average wages are of course higher in this country than in Germany—they always have been—but that simply reflects the fact that the individual British worker produces more.

But how much more are *all* British workers, taken together, producing now compared with last year? That is the crucial point in this context, because however high the existing level of individual productivity, exports can rise only if there is a sufficient increase in the aggregate volume of output. It does not matter how that is brought about—by longer hours being worked, by more people being employed, or by higher output per hour. In Britain there has been a pretty substantial rise in output over the past few months—something between six and seven per cent. over a year ago—and it has been achieved partly through longer working hours, but mainly, it seems, through increased individual output per hour. There has been only a slight increase in the number of people at work.

In Germany, on the other hand, no fewer than 750,000 additional new workers have been taken into industry and commerce over the past year, and it is this fact alone which explains why German output has risen by ten per cent., against Britain's six or seven. The influx of refugees from the Russian zone of Germany, combined with a fairly large reserve of unemployed labour in western Germany itself, have given German industry a decisive advantage in the struggle for higher output, not only last year, but for several years past.

Throughout this time the British labour force has been almost static; in the three years since 1951 the total increase in the number of people at work is about 300,000 on a little over 22,000,000—equivalent to about one and a half per cent. Germany over the same period has added some 2,000,000 extra workers to a smaller labour force, representing an increase of fourteen per cent. This is the crucial difference between the two countries, and in the past year, as labour has become more scarce in this country, the difference has sharpened. Even now, in this year of prosperity, with German unemployment at a record post-war low, German

industry still has a reserve of more than 800,000 unemployed to draw upon—equivalent to five per cent. of the working population. That means that the German manufacturer working for export is still able to take on fresh business when it offers in markets abroad, whereas his British competitor cannot expand his output in the same way and often has to let the export opportunity go by.

It is this fact, I believe, more than anything else which accounts for the relatively poor showing made by British exports in recent months, compared with German. Meanwhile our delivery times are once again lengthening, which means that customers are tempted to place their orders elsewhere, if they can get the goods supplied quickly. Of course, the Germans are not completely free from similar troubles. But the fact remains that they still have some flexibility in their economic system, represented by their reserve of five per cent. unemployed, so that they can take advantage of any fresh opportunities that offer. This may change as German rearmament absorbs the surplus man-power at present available, but it will be many months before this new influence makes itself seriously felt.

Meanwhile the British economy, by comparison with the German, is muscle-bound. There are many more jobs waiting to be filled than unemployed workers available to fill them. It is worth observing that both our main rivals in international trade, Germany and the United States, have an advantage over us in this respect at the moment. I am not suggesting, of course, that we ought to try to emulate their failure to achieve full employment. The figure of five per cent. unemployed which is accepted in both Germany and America would be regarded as a catastrophe here. It would mean more than 1,000,000 men out of work—something that no one in Britain is willing to contemplate. But, all the same, we have to pay in some way for getting our unemployment down to the exceptionally low figure of one per cent. of the working population. The pay-off unfortunately is the loss of export orders, which our rivals are able to pick up—simply because they are flexible enough to bend down for them.—*General Overseas Service*

SPEAKING IN 'AT HOME AND ABROAD', H. S. W. MASSEY, Quain Professor of Physics, London University, said: 'The possibility of holding an international scientific conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy under the auspices of the United Nations is regarded with satisfaction by atomic scientists generally. There has been so much emphasis on the destructive powers of atomic and hydrogen bombs that there is a danger that the great possibilities of improving the living conditions of mankind everywhere will not receive adequate attention.'

'The conference would be of small value if there were little prospect of really important advances or if few problems were involved in achieving such advances. Actually the prospects are immense and, as always, many difficult problems have to be solved before they can be fully realised. To appreciate the possibilities it is perhaps best to note that in the development of atomic energy we are using for the first time a third type of force immensely more powerful than the other two—the forces of gravity and of electro-magnetism. Electro-magnetism was first set to work when the first fire was lit by man, countless thousands of years ago. The great consequences of this control are now obvious—it must be anticipated that the kindling and control of nuclear fires in which much more powerful nuclear forces are effective will have vastly greater consequences. The first nuclear fire was lit only eleven years ago. They differ from ordinary fires not only in the extreme economy of fuel and the extreme violence which they may develop if uncontrolled but also in their generation of radio-active by-products—the smoke and ash of the nuclear fire.'

'Many applications of the radio-active by-products—to medical treatment and diagnosis, to industry and to research—were predicted in 1945. Most of them are already in process of realisation. The numbers of people who have benefited from the medical use of radio isotopes must surely be a substantial entry on the credit side of atomic energy. In the past few years new applications have been found. One is to the cold sterilisation of food, another to the destruction of pests such as woodworm without affecting the building fabric. Yet another is in the manufacture of plastics. These applications, not at first apparent, serve to indicate how much more can be done than is at present imagined, even in our wildest dreams'.

The French Government's Dilemma in Algeria

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

THREE weeks ago, any Frenchman who had Algeria in his thoughts might well have been congratulating himself on the welcome contrast between the peaceful conditions there and the troubled state of the neighbouring Protectorates, Tunisia and Morocco. He was not to know that nine years of unbroken calm were soon to be interrupted by a sudden flare-up of terrorist activity, whose consequences few people at this stage would care to foretell. It was on the night of Sunday, October 31, that the terrorists struck, simultaneously and in many widely separated places, leaving no doubt that the whole thing had been carefully planned. Most of the attacks were carried out in the Department of Constantine, where at least thirty incidents occurred. But there were also outbreaks in the other two Algerian Departments of Algiers and Oran.

The attacks took many forms, from commando-type raids on police and military posts and outlying farms to the murder of isolated French soldiers and civilians and even some Algerians. Between Arris and Batna, in southern Constantine, for example, an Algerian official was one of three people shot down by the roadside in cold blood, after they had been dragged from the motor coach in which they had been travelling. All told, at least twelve people were killed in this initial series of outbreaks.

In many cases raids followed the same pattern. The terrorists began by setting fire to buildings, and then opened up with light automatic weapons and rifles against their chosen target. More often than not, they afterwards vanished into the night before any organised action could be taken against them. Most serious of all, however, has been the sustained guerrilla activity, still going on, of terrorist or outlaw bands in the Aurès Mountains down in the south-east, near the Tunisian frontier. There the outlaws, originally estimated at about 1,000 strong, but now believed to number about 3,000, were actually able to isolate several villages, forcing the French authorities to use helicopters to restore contact.

The reaction of the French Government to this wave of violence was prompt and practical. Within a matter of hours, several hundred parachute troops, mobile guards, and armed security police were on their way from France, and the flow of reinforcements continued until the authorities in Algeria had at least 45,000 fighting men at their disposal. Some were placed at potential trouble centres throughout the territory, but a considerable number were formed into mobile columns and sent to deal with the guerrilla bands down in the Aurès Mountains. There, backed by armour and fighter aircraft, they have been carrying out mopping-up operations ever since; but it is likely to be a long and difficult business to complete, owing to the nature of the country. Furthermore, there is always the possibility that some of the rebels may be able to escape across into Tunisian territory, and to take shelter with the bands of *fellaghas*, or outlaws, who are still active there. In addition to these military operations, the police have been busy, too. In Algeria itself, they have rounded up 500 or 600 suspected terrorists,

and active nationalists, particularly members of the M.T.L.D., or Movement for the Triumph of Democratic Liberties. This was a body formed after the French authorities had banned the strongly nationalist Algerian People's Party, led by one Messali Hadj, who was later banished to this country. He is still living here, under strict police supervision.

On November 5, the Government took action in France. Early in the morning, strong forces of police raided the headquarters and offices of various nationalist organisations in Paris, including those of the M.T.L.D. They carried out similar raids in the provinces. The police also searched the homes of various active nationalists. Later that day it was announced that the Government had banned the M.T.L.D. and all organisations associated with it.

So much for the story of recent events, events which have caused bewildered and angry anxiety both in France and among the French in

Algeria; for, as I said earlier in different words, Algeria had seemed to be a gratifyingly peaceful oasis compared with its troubled neighbours in North Africa. With the disappearance of that illusion came a frame of mind neatly summarised by one Parisian newspaper, which asked: 'Who are they? What do they want?' On one point, however, there has been general agreement. It is that the outbreaks were organised—well organised, too—from outside. The fact that the terrorists have proved strongest in an area close to Tunisian territory carries one obvious implication. Yet another is provided by the steady stream of propaganda against



French soldiers with suspected rebels, rounded up in the mountains of Algeria

French rule in North Africa issuing from Cairo and elsewhere in the Arab world. But it is clear that there is a hard and powerful core of extreme nationalists in Algeria itself.

Here it may be useful to recall the origins and development of Franco-Algerian relationships since the first half of the last century. Unlike Tunisia and Morocco, which are French Protectorates by treaty, Algeria was annexed by conquest in 1842. Also, unlike Tunisia and Morocco, Algeria had neither a valid monarchy nor any kind of political identity. So, from the very start, the French decided that their aim would be to absorb the territory. And as a logical step towards that end, in 1881 Algeria was proclaimed a part of France. It was then divided into three departments, Algiers, Oran, and Constantine, which sent and still send representatives to the parliament in Paris. For administrative purposes, Algeria is under a Governor-General assisted by a Consultative Council of fifteen official members, and a Superior Council of sixty members. There is also an Assembly, a sort of local parliament which contains both French and Algerian members.

In 1947 a new Statute for Algeria gave what the French claim is full French citizenship to the 8,000,000 or so Moslem inhabitants of the country. Most of these are Arabs but there are about 1,000,000 Berbers. The European population, mostly French, numbers about 1,000,000 also. The French contend that, being French citizens, the Moslem inhabitants have no call to indulge in local nationalistic feelings, but should concentrate on helping the economic and social development of

their territory. Towards that development, France has made a remarkable contribution, and it is one that she intends to continue.

Nobody who has been to Algeria could fail to be impressed by what the French have done there; whether it be in the field of public works, public health, or agriculture. Much remains to be done in all of them, it is true. For example, in agriculture, which employs about four-fifths of the population and produces about the same proportion of Algerian exports, the Moslems are far behind the European farmers. But the French are doing all they can to educate and equip them for the arts of husbandry. When all is said and done, however, the French are up against one enormous obstacle in their attempt to assimilate the country—the barrier of religion. As recent events have shown, the rising tide of Islamic consciousness, while international in one sense, is strongly national in another. And although there are many Moslem Algerians who appreciate the existing relationship with France and would not wish to see it changed, the element which will not be reconciled to accepting absorption by France clearly cannot be ignored. It remains to be seen whether it can be suppressed or merely driven underground to await fresh opportunities.

It is impossible to draw any parallel between the French dilemma in Algeria and the situation which confronted us after the war in India. For if we had been settlers in India in the same proportion as the French are in Algeria, there would have been about 40,000,000 British with homes there. It was a Frenchman who first drew my attention to this factor, and having done so he asked: 'Do you think you would have cleared out in such a case?'

Another serious problem for the French in Algeria, one that is the

direct result of their good works, is the rising birth rate. Thanks to the ever improving health services, the population is increasing at the rate of 250,000 a year, 1,000,000 every four years. And, as time goes on, the rate of increase will go up. This is bound to throw a strain on the resources of the country and of France in a number of ways—schools and social services, for example, not to mention living conditions in general. And any worsening in those fields would hardly increase the attractiveness of the French association or the possibilities of increasing French influence. In fact, discontent obviously could help only the nationalist cause.

The outbreak in Algeria has set many Frenchmen thinking about the problems there, but few of them would claim to see at the moment any clear solution. M. Jean Farran, a distinguished French journalist, has among other things this to say on the subject, and he speaks for many of his fellow countrymen: 'The dilemma of the French Government is very great. Weakness is no solution, above all in Africa. Force is only a provisional solution. It would, in spite of everything, be a way out if France had not a bad conscience. She blushes before an America which treats her as being colonialist. Colonialism', Farran goes on to say, 'which was practised without any complexes in the nineteenth century, and which facilitated the management of empires, has become a sin. It can no longer be avowed and still less recommended, if it is practised at all. Professors, officers, schoolmasters, magistrates, in a word the elite who take French enlightenment to Africa, realise with consternation that the formula "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity", which they have had engraved on public monuments, has turned against them and become a seditious slogan'.

—General Overseas Service

Race Relations—VI

The Rebirth of Native Peoples

By WALTER KOLARZ

NOT so long ago, it was commonly assumed that certain small aboriginal peoples of America, Australia, and Oceania were bound to die out. Whole books have been written on this topic, both scientific and popular ones. Their very titles are suggestive: *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Dying Out of Primitive Peoples*, *The Passing of the Aborigines*.

This dying out of aboriginal peoples is not just a myth. In the nineteenth century entire tribal groups—for instance, the natives of Tasmania—did disappear because they could not adjust themselves to the European civilisation with which they had come suddenly into contact and *ipso facto* into conflict. However, to judge from this that decline and extinction is an inevitable fate would be erroneous. In our time, the process has been reversed, and we can witness a revival of certain native peoples, a revival that is conditioned both by an increased resistance power of the native and by a more humanitarian approach on the part of the white peoples. Perhaps the classic country of such revival is New Zealand. At the end of the nineteenth century, and even at the beginning of the present century, some anthropologists had predicted that the Maoris, New Zealand's native inhabitants, would die out. The contrary has happened. Today there are twice as many Maoris in New Zealand as there were at the beginning of the century, and three times as many as there were in 1870 when the Maoris reached the lowest point of their decline.

The almost miraculous recovery of the Maoris has in the past often been contrasted with the fate of the Australian Aborigines, whose decline appeared as beyond remedy. Not so long ago even some of the most ardent supporters of the cause of the Aborigines adopted a fatalistic attitude of despair. All they thought possible was to protect the native against cruelty, injustice, and immorality. This negative policy of protection was not intended to save the Aborigines from extinction, but only 'to smooth their dying pillow'.

But in the 'thirties a significant change occurred. Australian public opinion became more and more conscious of the problem of the Aborigines. The conviction grew that mere protection of the native was not enough, and that a new positive policy was necessary. In 1936, the Government of Western Australia, which has the largest aboriginal population, abolished the post of Chief Protector of the Aborigines, and appointed a Commissioner for Native Affairs instead. The other

States of the Australian Commonwealth soon followed suit. This reform meant more than a mere change of title. It expressed the conviction that the native people of Australia would soon reach the turning of the tide and that a new approach was required which would take for granted their survival. The new positive policy aimed at preparing the Aborigines for a larger life outside the reservations and at gradually transforming them into Australian citizens.

This optimism regarding the Aborigines which was a characteristic of the 'thirties has since been vindicated. For the first time since the encounter between black and white in Australia the decline of the Aborigines has in certain areas not only come to a standstill, but the rate of their survival is even showing an upward trend. From the point of view of both the anthropologist and the administrator this is a momentous event. No wonder everybody concerned with the problem of the Aborigines is now studying the special circumstances prevailing in the areas where the native population is clearly on the increase. These are the governmental station of Delissaville, the Elsty cattle-station and the two Catholic missions of Port Keats and Bathurst Island. It seems that the main reason for the growth of population in these localities is the particular care shown to nursing mothers and children, as well as the fact that the groups of Aborigines concerned have had every opportunity to maintain their tribal cohesion. The experience of the four stations which I have mentioned has greatly encouraged the optimists who were the first to propagate a positive native policy. It has emboldened them to go further ahead with the progressive incorporation of the 77,000 Aborigines into the economic and even the political life of the country, particularly in the Australian Northern Territory, where the Aborigines still outnumber the European immigrants.

The change of policy towards the Australian Aborigines in the middle of the 'thirties more or less coincided with a turning-point in the policy of the United States Government towards its Indian population. For a long time the Indian policy of the U.S.A. had been a most unfortunate one. In its mighty sweep from coast to coast the white people of the United States decimated the Indian tribes through warfare, disease, and alcohol. Even after the end of the so-called 'Indian Wars', there was no suggestion of solving the Indian problem in a positive way. On the contrary, new hardships and injustices were added to the old,

particularly the breaking of treaties which the authorities had concluded with Indian chiefs. For a long time it seemed as if the Indian tribes would succumb to the white onslaught, but gradually they adapted themselves to the new situation which white conquest had imposed on them. Since the beginning of the century they have again grown in numbers. At present the increase of the American Indians is even greater than that of the white population. Some

experts are now sufficiently optimistic to assume that by the end of the century there will be as many Indians in the territory of the United States as there were estimated to have been in the time of Christopher Columbus, namely around 800,000.

From the realisation that the Indians would neither die nor become quickly 'Americanised' in the superficial sense of the term, there sprang that radical change of policy which the United States Government carried out in 1934. In that year the American Congress adopted the Indian Reorganisation Act, which, though not much known outside the States, was one of the greatest feats of President Roosevelt's term of office. It put a check on the enforced assimilation of the Indian tribes and recognised them as self-governing bodies. The Act also granted the Indians cultural liberty, including respect of various native ceremonies of pagan origin, which until then had been officially discouraged and even prohibited. At the same time the Act made available considerable funds as well as technical assistance so that the standard of living of the Indians could be raised, and educational and health services improved. This 'New Day' policy for the Indians, as it was called, had such phenomenal effects on the Indian tribes of the U.S.A. that

President Roosevelt could rightly say at the close of his life: 'We have come to treat the Indian as a human being, as one who possesses dignity and commands the respect of his fellow human beings. In encouraging him to pursue his own life and continue his own culture we have added to his worth and dignity. We have opened the window of his mind. . . . We have improved his medical service. We have protected him in his religion and we have added to his stature'. After Roosevelt's death the policy of the 'New Day' was followed up by his successors. In 1949-50, for instance, the American Congress adopted a ten-year plan for the rehabilitation of the Navajos and the Hopis, two of North America's largest Indian tribes. The plan, which is now in process of imple-



Australian Aborigines: mothers and babies at Bathurst Island mission, one of the places in Australia where the indigenous population is now on the increase

mentation, provides for the development of the natural resources of the Indian tribal territories and the production and marketing of Indian arts and crafts.

The Indian tribes of Canada, several of whom are closely related to those of the United States, are no exception to the rebirth of the native peoples. From 93,000 at the turn of the century, they have increased to 155,000. They will probably reach the numerical strength which they had before the

discovery of America by the Europeans more quickly than their cousins south of the border. For both geographical and economic reasons the Indians of Canada have never been exposed to such wars of extermination as those living in United States territory. Therefore they never underwent the same process of decline. In Canada no such abrupt change in the country's Indian policy was needed as the one which President Roosevelt's revolutionary legislative measures brought about in the United States. Three years ago, it is true, the Canadian Government did put into force a new comprehensive law on the Indian problem, the New Indian Act. But this act contained only reformatory measures and not a basic revision of approach since that had been humanitarian over a considerable period. Canada's New Indian Act gave the Indians greater power over their land and over the funds of the Indian reservations. It also made the administration of the reservations more democratic by substituting elected for nominated councils.

I must confess that until I saw several Indian reservations in Canada I had a wrong idea about them, an idea that may be shared by many other people in Europe. I thought that a reservation was a clearly marked and perhaps even fenced-off area where natives lived in primi-

tive conditions. In reality, however, reservations are neither human zoos nor little 'ghettos' where the Indians are forced to remain in all circumstances. The reservations are not intended to limit the freedom of movement of the Indians in Canada, but only to protect their material interests. That a given area has the status of an 'Indian reservation' means primarily that the land enclosed in it belongs to the Indians and cannot be alienated without their consent. The purpose of the reservations is not to perpetuate the special legal position which the Indians of Canada have at present, but to be a school of citizenship. The ultimate aim is to make the reservations themselves superfluous and to integrate the Indians fully into Canadian society.

There are over 3,000



'Today there are twice as many Maoris in New Zealand as there were at the beginning of the century': a Maori dance at Waitangi

Indian reservations in Canada occupying a total area of 2,250,000 hectares. They vary greatly in size. The smallest is only half a hectare and the largest covers about 1,000 square kilometres. They also vary greatly in character. Some reservations are in the close neighbourhood of towns. These are almost indistinguishable from ordinary suburbs. A tourist passing by them in a car would hardly be aware of the fact that he had just seen an Indian reservation. The houses do not compare unfavourably with the surrounding dwellings of white people. In the Capilano reservation on the outskirts of Vancouver, which I visited, all houses had electric light and running water. The inhabitants were well-clad and prosperous. Some of them even owned cars. Those engaged in long-shoring made on an average 4,000 dollars a year. I found the same atmosphere of well-being in a reservation near the small town of Alberni, which is situated on an island off the Pacific Coast. There the Indians had recently received considerable wealth thanks to the sale of timber belonging to the reservation. They invested this money either in cars or in new furniture and refrigerators. There are other reservations which have become even richer lately by receiving substantial royalties for the oil found in their territory. This is the case in the Pidgeon Lake Reservation in Alberta where twenty-two oil wells are at present operating.

Another reservation I visited was that of the Blackfeet Indians in the prairies, about sixty miles from Calgary in Alberta—the second largest reservation in Canada. Here the Indians live in isolated farmhouses as the white Canadian farmer in the prairies usually does. Each Indian household has 65 to 130 hectares of land, a number of cattle, and also some horses. The latter have little practical importance since the Blackfeet use tractors and combine-harvesters, but they love horses and attach considerable prestige value to their possession.

What made me optimistic about the future of the Canadian Indians were the healthy, well-mannered, and intelligent children whom I met all over the reservations and also in Indian boarding schools. The Indian reservations of Canada are, as a rule, well provided with schools and teachers, and the school attendance is remarkably high among Indians, both boys and girls. A number of Indian children go to white schools outside the reservations, especially night-schools. This co-education of Indian and white children has been very successful and the authorities are determined that it shall assume ever-increasing proportions. It will help more than anything else to bridge the still existing cultural cleavage between the two races.

The peoples whom I have mentioned here, the Maoris of New Zealand, the Aborigines of Australia, and the Indians of the United States and Canada, live much at the periphery of world events as mirrored in the European and American press. Compared with the emancipation of the peoples of south-east Asia, or with the process of political transformation which is going on in West Africa, the rising birthrate of the Maoris or the prosperity of the North American Indians may appear a trifling matter.

But the rebirth of the small native peoples acquires a different meaning if we approach it from a moral angle. It is significant just because it is not being achieved by political pressure from below or by a change of the power structure in the countries concerned. There is something providential and almost miraculous about the fact that peoples faced by overwhelming odds have through their own vitality again conquered for themselves a modest place in the sun. However, some credit for the recovery of the native peoples must also go to the white man of the twentieth century whose more-awakened conscience has recognised the wrongs of the past.—*European Service*

The German Magnet and Austrian Way of Life

The second of two talks by GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH

WHEN the London Conference was sitting and the decision about German rearmament had still to be made, thinking that the question was one upon which the whole future of Austria might easily depend, I asked a well-known journalist in Vienna what attitude he, and Austrians generally, took towards the German question. 'Are you not alarmed', I asked, 'at the prospect of again having a rearmed and sovereign Germany as a neighbour?' But his reply was decidedly noncommittal. 'Of one thing at least we may be quite sure', he answered, 'the first use to which Adenauer puts his new divisions will not be to send them to occupy Austria'. A couple of months earlier, in an Alpine village fifty miles inland from Salzburg, which was full of north German tourists, I had put much the same question to the village doctor, who had just been commenting upon their arrogance and ill manners. He, at any rate, was troubled and (I thought) a little dispirited; but he saw no easy way out. 'We don't like them', he said; 'they are quite different from us; but we need them. This whole village is living on the money they bring; without them I don't know what we should do. And, of course', he added, as though in mitigation, 'there are some nice individuals among them...'

It is perfectly true that German troops, with fifes playing and drums beating, are not going to march out in 1955 along the road from Munich to Linz and Salzburg. In 1928, ten years after the end of the first world war, that was not the situation either. The immediate problem—the immediate danger, if you like—is different. Its first aspect is what we may sum up in the phrase 'economic penetration'; the sort of process, in other words, which placed Germany, long before the *Anschluss*, in control of the vast Montan corporation, with its great iron and steel works at Donawitz and Eisenerz in Styria. At present, it is true, that stage has not been reached; it is rather a question of a growing economic dependence of Austria on Germany. As I have already indicated, by far the largest proportion of tourist traffic in Austria is now German; and though the powerful Austrian tourist industry is at pains to point out that this development is only 'natural', the reiteration of this thesis in trade journals certainly does mask a defensive reaction against something Austrians do not like but cannot

prevent. No Austrian, in fact, can forget that when Hitler imposed a charge of 1,000 marks for a visa for Germans visiting Austria, it was the first sign that the smaller country, one way or another, would have to come to heel. But more significant, probably, is the heavy deficit in Austrian trade with western Germany which, in spite of recently increased exports, still runs at a figure of 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 marks a month. Although Austria now has a favourable over-all balance of trade, Germany is therefore accumulating a massive credit, for which the obvious—if not the only—outlet is capital investment in Austrian industry.

But we shall certainly misunderstand the factors at play if we look at the situation simply in economic terms. Often what is significant about any economic situation is the reaction it provokes; and the reaction depends on the human element. And precisely this is where the Austrian attitude to Germany is so difficult to disentangle. It is certain that Austrians feel little affinity with their northern neighbours—the contemptuous Austrian term for Prussians, *Piefkes*, is characteristic enough of their attitude—but it is equally true that they can rarely withhold reluctant admiration for German *Leistungsfähigkeit*, or capacity to get things done. And to this there has been added in recent months respect, tinged perhaps with envy, for Germany's success in persuading the west that it has become a democratic and peace-loving nation, and in forcing its way into the western alliance against a reluctant France. German strength and German success, contrasted with Austrian powerlessness, are a definite attraction; and there is a real danger that the restoration of German sovereignty, while Austria still remains under four-power control, may prove a powerful stimulus to pan-German sentiment.

It is true that there is no political party in post-war Austria which favours union with Germany: even the small group of Independents, recruited mainly from ex-nazis and nationalist refugees from eastern Europe, is content with a vague profession of adherence to the German 'folk', in the cultural and linguistic sense of the word, but stands politically—like all the other parties, including the communists—for the maintenance of Austria's separate identity as an independent state. In this respect the contrast with the inter-war years is marked.

Nevertheless pan-Germanism is certainly not dead. Recently a delegation of the Austrian Gymnastic Association, attending a sports meeting at Hamburg, marched into the ring with the German banner waving at their head, and one of the leaders made an effusive speech about the German sentiments filling his heart; and only a few months previously, at a student gathering at Passau in Bavaria, Austrian speakers proclaimed their adherence to the 'common destiny' of the 'single German Fatherland'.

Narrow Horizons

Such incidents may seem trivial today; but surely they are symptomatic. And there are less tangible factors working in the same direction. I was talking in Vienna to a well-known Catholic writer, an Austrian with an eloquent belief in Austrian values, whose books have been translated into many languages including English, and I asked him what his personal wishes were for the future. 'Only to escape from this spiritual ghetto', he answered, meaning, in fact, the narrowness of Austrian Catholicism. Others feel the same restriction in more obvious directions. Almost inevitably today Austria is a land of limited opportunities and narrow horizons; the able and ambitious young engineer, for example, has a thousand more opportunities if he emigrates to Germany. I observed the same thing, I remember, the first time I returned to Austria after the war. The ex-serviceman returning to life in a small provincial town—Kufstein, let us say, or Lienz—experienced a sensation of suffocation. It was a common *malaise* of the immediate post-war years; but in Austria—that was the difference from elsewhere—the mind's eye turned back in almost an automatic reflex to Germany and to the greater Reich, with its beckoning opportunities.

The sentiment is natural enough, and I do not think the individual should be blamed; but the attraction of Germany is certainly there, a powerful magnet. People often say, with an air of finality, that Austrians learnt their lesson between 1938 and 1945. But I suspect the truth is really that Austrians learnt many lessons between 1938 and 1945, and one of them was the advantages of belonging to a great empire. That, after all, was Austrian experience down to 1918. They were members of a great empire, in which the German element had the advantage of being a dominant minority, and if that opportunity is again offered, without the incubus of National Socialism, we should not be too certain that it will not be taken. I found in Austria a general consciousness of the cultural differences between Germans and Austrians, even between Austrians and their nearest German neighbours, the Bavarians; but I did not find any opposition or hostility to Germany, or even any resentment at the treatment of Austria in Nazi times, such as would create a barrier against renewed German permeation and penetration.

The difficulty, without doubt, is to discover anything strong enough in Austrian tradition to oppose to the powerful German magnet. Much has been written, many fine phrases have been coined, about the 'Austrian idea'; but that idea is too ambiguous, means too many different things to different Austrians, to be a source of strength; and above all else it is anchored in the past which crumbled to nothing in 1918. It is surely a significant fact that when, in the nineteen-thirties, Dollfuss and Schuschnigg made determined efforts to stimulate the Austrian 'idea', as a counterblast to the pan-German propaganda of the Nazis, the immediate result was a revival of pro-Habsburg sentiment. Austria, in other words, was identified in the minds of the people—particularly of the conservative peasantry of the Tyrol and of the mountain-valleys of Styria and Upper Austria—with the dynasty; it was the dynasty, rather than the country, that was the anchor of Austrian loyalties. And that was natural enough, because Austria—even German Austria, excluding Hungary, Bohemia, and the other Slav lands—was essentially a series of territories (the so-called hereditary lands of the dynasty) held together by common allegiance to one ruling house.

In short, the 'Austrian idea' was too closely connected with the Habsburg dynasty to be easily adapted to new circumstances, when the Habsburgs were expelled. Furthermore, the core of the idea, as it was historically formulated, was the common destiny and common interests of the Danubian peoples, which, it was argued, constituted the real bond of union. Against Germans, like Treitschke, who contemptuously described Austria as 'a vast agglomeration of family estates', Austrians replied that this view was superficial. They said that a mere dynastic link could never have lasted so long unless it had been reinforced by a sense of identity, fostered by centuries of

common history, by resistance to invasion—for example, in the long wars under the empress Maria Theresa against Prussia—and by the struggle against the Turks. But if this 'intuition of necessary solidarity', as it has been called, was the essence of the 'Austrian idea', what survived, and what could survive, when the peoples of the old empire, the Slavs, the Magyars, and the Italians, rejected one by one the necessity of solidarity, and claimed instead the right to follow their own independent destinies? Books still appear proclaiming Austria's historic mission in the Danube area; but, soberly considered, the Austria of today has no mission or destiny to integrate central Europe, and an 'Austrian idea' which is postulated upon this foundation is altogether too frail to provide a rallying-cry for either the present or the future.

But the fatal ambiguity in the 'Austrian idea'—the ambiguity which has dogged it since its first inception in the days of dawning nationalism during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars—lies in another direction. It is the fundamental equivocation which affects it in everything that touches Germany. Historians have often observed that the Emperor Francis II, when in 1806 he finally surrendered the crown of the old Holy Roman Empire, might have turned his back once and for all on Germany, and systematically pursued the consolidation and unification of the Habsburg lands. In that case, there was a good chance of creating a political structure which would have weathered the storms of the nineteenth century, and of developing into a unifying force the new sentiment of Austrian patriotism, which existed as a legacy from Maria Theresa. Such possibilities need not detain us. The important thing is that, from 1809, the emperor and his new minister, Metternich, rejected them, and in 1815 Austria returned to the German Confederation. Therewith the great opportunity was missed; the necessary choice between a German or Austro-German and a specifically and strictly Austrian policy was never made, and Austria only ceased to be German because it was pitchforked out of Germany by Bismarck in 1866.

By then, however, it was too late for any sense of Austrian unity to take shape. Not only had the predominance of the German element and the attempt to make Austria a German state provoked the opposition of Slavs and Magyars; in addition the growth of Slav and Magyar nationalism had accentuated, among the German-speaking population, the force of German nationalist sentiment to such a degree that, as early as the eighties of the last century, a party was formed in Austria advocating political union with the new Germany which Bismarck had created. Here, without doubt, in the failure to adopt an unambiguous line towards Germany, is the Achilles heel of the Austrian question, in which all the weaknesses of Austria's present and future are contained. 'Austria', said Schuschnigg on the very eve of being shut away in a concentration-camp by the Germans, 'could never be anti-German'; 'ties of blood, of history and of national custom' prevent it from ever entering an anti-German camp.

'A Touch of Spiritual Universality'

And yet no one who has spent any time in the country can possibly doubt that there is an Austrian 'way of life'. If among some Austrians conflict with the Slav peoples stimulated an exaggerated German nationalism, the wider effect of centuries of close contact with non-German peoples, the inevitable mixture of nationalities, and the everyday necessity of coexistence in a multi-national state, profoundly modified the Austrian outlook and differentiated it from that of Germans. In particular, I think, contact with Italy and with the mellower civilisation of the Mediterranean world produced an urbanity and what the poet Hofmannsthal called 'a touch of spiritual universality', which finds its classical outlet in Austrian baroque. All in all, Austrians are not attracted by the values which have dominated German history since the days of Frederick the Great.

But whether the Austrian 'way of life' is a political force, capable of political expression, is another question. The great Austrian poet, Grillparzer, who expressed more perfectly than any other the originality of the Austrian spirit, was profoundly pessimistic about Austria's political future; he saw no necessary connection between the way of life he prized and the political order in which it was encased. In this we may perhaps see a characteristic difference between the Austrians and the Dutch or Swiss, with whom they are often compared. On the one side, it is a common German contention that the Austrians are simply one of the German peoples, on a par with the Bavarians or Swabians, whose proper place—but for foreign interference—would be within the Reich. On the other side, it is often argued that Austria is really comparable with Switzerland and the Netherlands, both originally parts of the old

(continued on page 867)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

An International Art

THE King of Clowns: that was the title under which the famous Swiss clown, Grock, was advertised. It is not a title that will go unchallenged. But no one will deny that he was a very great artist. Lionel Hale, in a broadcast talk which we publish today, has preserved for posterity a vivid sketch of the turn given by Grock at a Hamburg circus on his last appearance at the age of seventy-four (although, as Mr. Hale reminds us, Grock has more than once 'retired' before). For middle-aged British men and women Grock is probably best remembered for his performances at the London Coliseum in the nineteen-twenties. Sir Oswald Stoll, who built and for years directed that theatre, ran it then as a music-hall which maintained the finest standards of variety, while rigidly eschewing all that was 'blue'. Would that we had more of that tradition today! At any rate, at one period, Grock was a semi-permanent feature of the excellent bills at the Coliseum. His turn, one recalls, scarcely ever varied, and the audience would not have been particularly gratified if it had. They knew what to expect and when to laugh. As with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in their heyday, the humour was enhanced by being prescribed. And if one may judge by Mr. Hale's description, Grock's turn has survived the years of world depression and world war virtually unscathed.

It might not be so easy here in Britain or perhaps in the United States now. Television is a mighty devourer of talent. What would happen if a turn like Grock's were given in full on television? Would it draw the people to see him or would it kill a clown's livelihood? It is true that Grock made at least one film in which his turn was given almost in full, but it was not widely seen. And the music-hall audience of the present, such as it is, does not appear to demand—and certainly does not obtain—artistry of his class. We live in a world of jazz singers—if jazz is not too old-fashioned a word—and of often third-rate or 'blue' revues. The age of Grock and Sir Oswald Stoll, one fears, belongs to the past. And yet surely there must always be room for a great clown?

The art of the clown is international. The dialogue that Grock used in his turn he could manage in many languages, but it would scarcely have made much difference to the performance if it had not been understood. For the essence of clowning is mime. Another celebrated clown act, contemporary with that of Grock in the 'twenties, the Fratellini Brothers, broke through the international barrier of language and was as effective in London as at the Cirque d'Hiver. But many would agree that the superb clown of our time, who has entertained the world from the first German war until now (he is reported to be making a film in his old idiom) is Charlie Chaplin. It was with reluctance that Chaplin abandoned the method of pure mime, which was enshrined in the silent films, to adapt himself to the requirements of the 'talkies'. 'Modern Times', which is at present being revived, is a wonderful example of clowning, where the comic and the pathetic meet. Because great clowning rises above the handicap of language, Chaplin's name is a household word everywhere, and while Grock is known to his tens of thousands, Chaplin is known to his hundreds of thousands. Both have given immense pleasure to mankind. It is to be hoped that the tradition that they exemplify will never die; and as the Christmas season approaches, let us drink a toast to the achievements of our international clowns.

What They Are Saying

The theme of 'coexistence'

THE MAIN TOPICS this week in the radio output from Russia and eastern Europe have been the U.S.S.R.'s desire for world peace and friendship with all peoples and the growing support accorded to this policy throughout the world. These points were emphasised in broadcasts on such major themes as the October revolution and World Youth Day. The Polish paper *Trybuna Ludu* published this typical comment:

The epoch-making character of the great October socialist revolution consists in that it did not replace one form of exploitation by another, but that it destroyed all and every form of exploitation of man by man, and also every form of social and national oppression. The new socialist state, in which the working people are the indisputable masters, is bound by a thousand links with the will of the masses. It is the interest of the masses that it promotes, it is their interest and good that it defends; it is their supervision to which it is subject. It has been the supreme and invariable principle of Soviet policy to prevent war massacres and to promote friendly relations with all countries, to preserve and consolidate peace. Today this policy is being persistently conducted under the leadership of the Soviet Union and in brotherly alliance with all the other countries of the camp of socialism.

One aspect of this policy, which a speaker on Moscow radio found no difficulty in reconciling with the U.S.S.R.'s desire for peace, was the Soviet Union's support for the 'Asian and eastern peoples' national revival and salvation from imperialism'. 'The Soviet Union', said the speaker, 'has been and still is the school—the ideal school—for peoples learning to struggle for their rights and freedoms'. He went on:

No one can deny the right of peoples to determine their own future and to be the masters in their own land. But western imperialist quarters, while paying lip-service to this right, do their utmost to prevent it from being exercised. In order to continue their exploitation of the natural resources of the dependent countries, they endeavour to repress the anti-feudalist and anti-imperialist movements and, not daring to do so openly, carry on the battle under the pretence of fighting what they call international communism.

Another feature of the present propaganda in favour of peace and 'coexistence' has been the amicable references to neighbouring countries which have hitherto been the object of venomous attacks. A radio commentary for Turkey, on the sixteenth anniversary of Ataturk's death, recalled the 1921 Turkish-Soviet agreement of 'friendship and brotherhood', and pointed out that Ataturk,

this great statesman of Turkey, considered friendship with Soviet Russia a factor of great importance for Turkey. Both sides have always benefited from this friendship, whereas only other countries have reaped benefit from misunderstandings between the two countries.

With regard to Germany, another Moscow radio commentator declared that 'there has never been the slightest cause for enmity between the Russian and German peoples'. The Russians had helped Germany to rid herself of Napoleon; the Soviet Union had taken no part in the Versailles Treaty which 'put the German nation in shackles' and 'had consistently opposed all plans for the elimination of Germany as a unitary state', including the Paris agreements which 'perpetuate the split'. And in the case of Yugoslavia, Saburov, on the occasion of his October revolution speech, made the significant remark that:

The Yugoslav Government has expressed willingness to co-operate in improving relations with the Soviet Union. Quarrelling and manifestations of hostility between our states, observed in recent years, are of benefit only to the enemies of the U.S.S.R. and Yugoslavia, to the enemies of peace.

Commenting on Saburov's speech, a Zagreb radio correspondent said:

While we consider the words of Mr. Saburov as a whole to be a constructive proposal for further promoting relations between the two countries, we cannot agree with all his propositions. He appears to have rather freely bracketed the enemies of the Soviet Union with those of Yugoslavia who, he alleged, only profited from the dispute between the two countries. It is, however, difficult to accept this statement as characterising Stalin's policy towards Yugoslavia. On the other hand, it would perhaps be somewhat unrealistic to expect more than we heard. We do not want to bear a grudge for past events, and although we do not forget the past, we do not deem it necessary to dwell on other people's past mistakes. We want to look into the future and to see in the new course of the Soviet leaders, and particularly in Saburov's statement, a prospect for better relations between Yugoslavia and east European countries.

Did You Hear That?

TWO MODEL AEROPLANES

A MODEL AIRCRAFT nearly six feet long, and complete down to the tiniest details, sounds rather like the sort of dream that many small boys will be having with increasing frequency as the Christmas season approaches. But this model, or rather models, for there are two of them, are not for sale. IVOR JONES, the B.B.C. air correspondent, saw them in the Isle of Wight and spoke about them in 'The Eye-Witness'.

'One is a replica', he said, 'five and a half feet long, of the giant Princess flying-boats, of which three have been built at an estimated

cost of more than £3,000,000 each. Two have been cocooned—sealed up in a protective skin. The other towers above a slipway by the waterside at Cowes, majestic and bare, with gaps like missing teeth along the leading edge of its wing where its engines should be. It is the lack of suitable engines—turbo-props that could drive it across the Atlantic at 35,000 feet and nearly 400 miles an hour—that, in the main, is keeping the Princess earth-bound. And what is most interesting about this model is that it illustrates a new approach to this problem. Originally the Princess was designed for ten engines. But the model is fitted with only six—or rather, six propellers. And it turns out that what the firm has in mind is the new 4,000-horse-power Bristol BE 25 that is not long off the secret list. Bristol's claim that it combines the advantages of the best turbo-prop engines with those of recently designed straight jets.

'These new engines—Saunders Roe, the makers, say—probably will not be available for some years. But the power it is hoped they will eventually deliver is already represented in the bulky red and yellow model by two minute air turbines that develop four horse-power—enough to drive a light car. These turbines spin at 1,000 revolutions a second and turn all six propellers.

'The second of these models is one of a new type of military flying-boat. Even on a small scale it looks unusual. It has an extraordinarily long, slim hull. This is not simply to make the aircraft look graceful, which it does, but to enable it to put down on, and take off from, rougher seas than have so far been practicable for flying boats. The firm claims that it would be able to do these things out in the open Atlantic on an average of four days out of five throughout the year, and that, in an emergency, it could come down in almost any conditions. This would mean that the aircraft could refuel and re-arm in the open ocean from warships or convoys it was protecting, without having to return to base.

'Testing this kind of theory in advance—before building a full-size aeroplane—is by no means easy. And that is the purpose of models such as these. They can be launched from a catapult at more than fifty miles an hour on to

what, at first sight, looks like an emergency water tank. But it is equipped with machinery for producing waves and imitating different states of sea. So a model can be shot through the air and then glide down at different angles on to a miniature version of a storm'.

THE SICILIAN CART

Speaking of the Sicilian cart in a Home Service talk ION S. MUNRO said: 'It was only by a chance stroll down by the docks at Palermo early one morning of a springtime before the last war that I discovered

how these strangely painted vehicles were linked to the kaleidoscope history of the island. Like most people, I had often seen tiny models of so-called Sicilian carts in toy-shop windows or on tourist-souvenir stalls—little, gaudily painted contraptions, with a toy donkey all dolled up with plumes and falderals in the shafts. I had seen larger and more ambitious models in travel-agency displays, and had seen life-size ones in folklore pageants or on public holidays. But they never seemed to me to have any connection with real life—far less legend—at all.

'In the cool, clear, morning air of that pre-war Palermo springtime I was lazily watching a string of mud-bespattered carts, pulled by very sorrowful-looking donkeys,

file down to a dockside yard. One of them was drawn aside from the slow-moving procession. The donkey was unharnessed and the ends of the long, tapered shafts of the cart were lowered to the dust. The back-end of the cart was thus tilted up, and my eye was caught by a queer bit of heavy wood-carving on the axle-tree, half hidden away underneath. It showed a castle turret almost a foot high. It was like one of those turrets you see on heraldic shields, or like a castle from

some enormous set of chessmen. On each side of the turret was a carved human figure. One was of a dark woman in oriental draperies and she was carrying a great flag with a Moslem crescent on it. The other figure was that of a white woman bearing aloft a Crusader's banner. They were clasping hands across the turret wall. I was much surprised to find such work on such a theme in such a place.

'I began to examine the whole cart, with ever-increasing interest. I do not think there was a square inch of the whole working vehicle from shafts to tailboard which was not carved or elaborately painted—though I had often to rub off mud and stains to get at the designs and figures. While I was stooping and peering at the cart I became aware of the carter observing me. He was a wiry, little, elderly man. He wore a knitted cap with a long flap folded back over the top, so that he seemed to be wearing two caps. His face—time and weatherworn—was brown as a walnut. "Bel lavoro"—he said, pointing to the dirt-coated vehicle—beaming with pride.



A Sicilian cart on the waterfront at Palermo



Carving from the centre-block of an axle-tree decoration on a Sicilian cart

Danen, Palermo

Beautiful work! Yes—that was true; but it seemed to me that the cart was an obviously ancient treasure of woodcraft and might have been more proudly taken care of.

'I told him all this and added that I reckoned that it must, from the look of it, be well over 100 years old—a sort of curio hunter's dream. This put him into fits of laughter. No; it was only ten years old, he told me. And he explained that it is polished up for special *fiestas* and family events, but otherwise does the ordinary drudgery of any labourer's cart. That is what they are made for. The others were all the same—and always have been. He told me how each part of the car—*carretto*—he called it, was made by different groups of families, and he directed me to several of the workshops of these—specialists in and about Palermo. And from them it was gradually unfolded to me that my quest was ended for some everyday object in which all the various worlds of Sicily—Greek, Moslem, and medieval—were united—and that I had found the answer on wheels. From my carter friend I discovered that carts in construction pass through three sets of hands—woodworkers, ironworkers, and painter-artists—and that they all jealously continue the style passed on from fathers to sons from the remote past'.

MR. GLADSTONE AT CHURCH

In a talk in the Home Service DOROTHY PARISH, a grand-daughter of Mr. Gladstone, recalled memories of the Victorian Prime Minister.

'No press of work', she said, 'kept him from attending daily the early Matins at 8.30 in Hawarden Church. This meant a quarter of an hour's walk each way, part of it sharply up hill, through the Park, and very often my grandmother, who was only two years younger, accompanied him—and it never occurred to them to have a cup of tea beforehand to help them on their way. Then one day, when he was eighty-five, he said to my mother, "I am afraid I must ask you to prevent Petz from coming to church with me" (Petz was a favourite dog, a large black Pomeranian, more like a Chow than the modern breed). He went on to explain "You see, I have to throw sticks for him and stooping every other minute, then throwing them, is too hard work on the hill". And so, by doctor's orders, the life-long habit was changed and Evensong substituted whenever possible. Looking back now, it seems that the daily walk to church is a symbol of his life at Hawarden—the peaceful but disciplined days, the underlying religious fervour, and the extraordinary physical vitality.

'A great many people used to come to church on Sundays just to hear him read the Lessons with that wonderful voice of his. In those last years when his hearing was not so good, he would leave his seat in the chancel pews and go and sit on an old stool just below the pulpit, in order to hear the sermon, thereby somewhat embarrassing many a young clergyman. He used to say that there was always something to learn from every sermon. So anxious was he not to miss the text, he would stand up alone, with his hand to his ear, to make sure he heard every word of it'.

THE COSY DETECTIVE STORY

'I think it was Professor G. D. H. Cole who invented the phrase "the domestic detective-story"', said C. H. B. KITCHIN in a Home Service talk. 'The setting of these stories all have something in common with the setting of a novel by Anthony Trollope or Jane Austen, brought up to date. We may be introduced to a village, a house-party, a boarding-house, a tennis-club, or a block of flats—some limited and preferably humdrum segment of life, in which the characters reveal themselves to us by developing their relationships one with another. We give a wide berth to spies and international crooks, and we avoid, if we can,

any excessive preoccupation with the workings of Scotland Yard and the Law Courts. The detective is usually an amateur, or if a professional, like Mrs. Christie's Poirot, he behaves in a most unprofessional manner. He adapts himself like a chameleon to his background—until the last few pages. Then, indeed, he controls the situation and can show us the strength of his personality. In one of Mrs. Christie's books—I had better not mention the title, in case I spoil it for some of you by giving away the plot—he takes the law into his own hands and condones the murder of a particularly nasty villain. And I should have been disappointed in him if he had not. Perhaps that is why I am always a little chary of stories in which the detective is a member of the police force.

'One well-known writer takes all the cosiness out of his ingenious and painstaking work by making a hero of an Inspector who is prepared to go to almost any lengths in his detection of crime. He cajoles, he lies, and he bullies—especially if there is a chance of promotion for him at the end of the case. My sympathy swings strongly to the side

which I know is bound to lose. If the author of these stories would read *Rex v. Anne Bickerton*, by Sydney Fowler, he would find an amusing caricature of his hero's attitude. Of course, there are many likeable police detectives. No one could object to Superintendent Battle, though to my mind he comes as a dull third to Poirot and Miss Marple. John Rhode's Inspector Hanslett is a nice old rough diamond, and I am sorry he has had to be superseded by the rather too slick Jimmy Waghorn. E. C. R. Lorac's Chief Inspector Macdonald is another agreeable policeman. He has a sensitiveness to atmosphere which would do credit to a poet, and makes me forget that he is a cog in a machine. Francis Everton's Inspector Allport is not perhaps exactly agreeable, but in *The Dalehouse Murder* he presided so memorably over one of the most grotesque and yet convincing scenes in detective-fiction that, for me, he is for ever seated on a special pedestal with his short legs dangling impatiently in the air. I cannot close the list without a reference to A. E. W. Mason's famous Hanaud, though I wonder if we should like him quite so well if he had not a perfect Watson in Mr. Ricardo. Whenever Mr. Ricardo is about the place, I feel at home.

'In the domestic detective-story the murder by no means always takes place at the beginning. We are probably not ready for it at that stage. It may be a long time before we guess who is going to be murdered. And, after all, spotting the victim can be just as exciting as spotting the murderer. What is important is that we should be introduced as soon as possible to all the chief characters.

'Mrs. Christie, in her more recent work, does this by means of a most effective technique. She starts by giving us a thumbnail sketch of each one in turn. We meet Mr. Jones in the bathroom. He takes a box of tablets out of the medicine-cupboard and shakes his head. Young Smith is walking past a jeweller's in Bond Street. He feasts his eyes on a diamond necklace and says to himself, "I'd do anything—anything in the world—to be able to give that to Lulu". Mrs. Robinson, wearing an exquisite boudoir-cap, is in her rich bed and nagging at her pretty nurse-companion. Mr. Brown is at his desk in a shabby bed-sitting room in Bloomsbury, trying to write a story. He shivers with cold, but he cannot spare a shilling for the gas-fire. Can he nerve himself to go and see Uncle Jasper in Streatham? And so on. The very shortness of each little scene whets our appetite for more. We now know the limits of our little world—a world of types familiar to us in our ordinary life—but more vivid and convincing, because art can select and bring out the essential, while life is apt to be a bundle of disorderly impressions. And it is by shutting ourselves up in this little world, or—to change the metaphor a bit—by unlocking the door of our dolls'-house and stepping inside, that we get that safe, cosy feeling'.



Mr. Gladstone, at the age of eighty-three, with his three-year-old grand-daughter, Dorothy Drew

Britain and the Tide of World Affairs

A Fellowship of Free Nations

The second of six Reith Lectures by SIR OLIVER FRANKS

HOW easily the words come together on our lips: 'Britain and the British Commonwealth'. The idea for which they stand is comfortable and familiar: the fact to which they refer, solid and comforting. We feel differently about our relations within the Commonwealth and those we have with the rest of the world. When we deal with the other members of the Commonwealth we are dealing with our own family. They are tied to us by kinship or long association. We understand each other: we get on: we settle things within the family. There are differences: what family is without them? But they are not allowed to disturb our mutual understanding.

Reassuring, Friendly Club

Most of us, I think, have felt rather like this in recent years. After all, the Commonwealth has grown out of our own history, out of ourselves and our activities in the world. There is a natural affinity between us all: there is a continuity which has not been broken by the quick growth of independence. The Commonwealth is a reassuring, friendly club to which to belong.

I suggest that this attitude is based on half-truths, and is, therefore, misleading and dangerous. It leaves out of account the most striking characteristic of the Commonwealth today, that it is a great political experiment of the most challenging and unfamiliar nature. Never before has there been anything like it in the world. First of all, the great combinations of peoples which history has known have been based on fear or force. There are many cases where fear of another power has induced an alliance or confederation. There are many where the force exerted by one nation has compelled others to obey its will and work in combination with it. Neither fear nor force unites the Commonwealth. It is built on the positive foundation of mutual advantage and consent. The experiment is as recent as the sovereign independence of the member nations.

Secondly, one of the great tides in world affairs is the ebb of the political power and influence of the west from the east. All through Asia new nations have been coming into existence—nations sensitive of the least hint of interference and suspicious of the good faith of the west. Division has come in place of domination, a division no less important to the future of the world than that between the communist bloc and the free peoples. The British Commonwealth alone has bridged this gulf and built a highroad across it. Whenever I stand back and look at this, not in terms of historical development but in terms of the world today, it seems to me an astonishing experiment, challenging the whole trend of things, as constructive as it is bold.

But we have to see the Commonwealth and our position and relationships within it as they are. For here we have the fundamental condition of our continuing greatness: by itself it is not enough but it is basic. Without the Commonwealth we cannot continue as a Great Power and the continued existence of this great experiment is not guaranteed or secure: it has to be achieved, and by far the greatest responsibility rests on us. Little argument is needed to show the necessity of the Commonwealth to Britain's continuing greatness. It is a truth which the British people have intuitively perceived: they do not require a demonstration. What is this small island, with its 50,000,000 inhabitants, if it has to 'go it' alone? It is one of two things, an off-island of Europe or an off-island of the United States of America. In either case our destinies would be decided on the mainland, on the continent of Europe or in the continental United States. If we were to maintain a standard of living anything like that we now enjoy, and have any voice in our own future, we should find ourselves forced in the long run to coalesce ever more closely with one of the continental systems. We should face absorption into Europe or becoming in effect a dependency of the United States.

The British people have reached definite opinions on singularly few of the great issues that have confronted their country since the war. But on these matters they have made their views known with absolute clarity. They do not want to become absorbed into Europe; they do not wish to live in dependence on the United States. All the more

reason, then, for making a success of the Commonwealth. This is the relationship which enables us to play in the big league with the continental powers. It is success here which permits us to stand out of the queue and fill the role of a Great Power; which gives us reasonable independence among our friends and a part in the great decisions. This is why it is vital that we see the Commonwealth and Britain's job in it as clearly as we can.

I myself began to see all this a little more clearly while I was Ambassador in Washington. So I think the best thing I can do is to take some of the things we all know about the Commonwealth and illustrate from my experience how they came alive for me and the difference my new perspective made.

The nations of the Commonwealth are free and equal: they are all sovereign states. This was impressed on me the very first day I arrived in Washington. There was a group at the station to welcome me. It included the Chief of Protocol from the American State Department, British Embassy staff, and seven Commonwealth Ambassadors. I suddenly realised that there were already six representatives of His Majesty in Washington, as well as the Indian Ambassador whose Government recognised the King as Head of the Commonwealth. From one point of view, and it was a real one, I was the junior Ambassador of His Majesty in the United States.

I have another recollection. You will remember the visit paid to Canada by Princess Elizabeth with the Duke of Edinburgh before she became the Queen. The Princess was invited by the President of the United States to come to Washington. At first I assumed without thought that a British Princess was coming: but my distinguished Canadian colleague, the late Hume Wrong, made it clear to me that in Canada the Princess was a Canadian Princess and in Canada's view a Canadian Princess would soon be crossing the border. I realised, as I had never done before, that the Princess was not only a Princess in the United Kingdom, but also the Princess of six other countries.

A Positive Independence

The members of the Commonwealth are independent nations: we all know that. But before I worked with the other Commonwealth representatives in Washington my ideas about this independence were rather negative. I knew the other members were no longer dependent on Britain—they were free to decide whether to stay in the Commonwealth or not. But now I learned that this independence had a very positive character. The other members each had their own foreign policy, political and economic. Canada, Australia, India, or Pakistan: the Government of the United States listened with great attention to their views. At different times these nations exercised real influence in the formation of American policy. In fact, Britain belonged to a club, each member of which was positively shaping its own destiny.

I was interested to see that the special correspondent for *The Times* on the royal tour formed much the same general impression about Australia. He wrote:

The war and its aftermath have transformed Australia's isolation at the end of the world into a lively international concern, especially with the affairs of Asia, where many diplomatic posts have been manned that did not exist before 1939. Canberra, indeed, is the centre of intensive diplomatic activity, and the old American quip that nations of the British Commonwealth regularly 'wrote home to mother' but rarely to one another could no longer be made at the expense of the Australian foreign service, which has become a prolific letter writer to all the relatives, none more than to Canada.

Again, we all know that the Commonwealth is a unity. But in Washington I saw how that unity worked. Every fortnight, except in the summer, the eight Ambassadors of the Commonwealth met in our Embassy to exchange views and consult informally together. We discussed everything: the movement of affairs in the world, the latest phase of American policy—and the opinions of our different countries about them. We did not mince words. Even difficulties between individual members, like Kashmir, were regularly talked over by all of us,

including India and Pakistan, with conviction but without heat. Further, the discussions took place between like-minded people who shared a common political tradition. No one had to insist on the freedom of his country because nobody ever questioned it. We had a common approach. We accepted common standards. We had forbearance, which is essential between members of a continuing club when they differ.

What did I get out of this experience? A new view of the power and positive influence of the Commonwealth countries in the world. A better conception of what the equality and independence of our partners means to them and to us. I could see that any notion of Britain as a mother with a number of sons, now all legally of age but still a trifle undergraduateish in outlook, is totally mistaken. We are dealing with equals. They expect to be consulted on matters of common interest before we act and not told about it afterwards. If we forget for a moment and act in terms of an older relationship, the reminder that we get is quick and unambiguous. It is because these truths have been applied by us at recent Commonwealth Economic Conferences that they have been so successful. This was particularly so with the conference at Sydney, although, in the opinion of those who took part, its constructive quality and success were matched only by the dullness of the final *communiqué*.

Shared Institution

But all this is a static analysis of the Commonwealth. It gives no clue to why it works or what are the factors which can hold it together and make it work in the future. What is it, in the expressive American phrase, that makes the Commonwealth tick? The backward glance of reminiscence suggests that the clue is to be found in common origins and common history. Some nations of the Commonwealth are linked to Britain by kinship, others by long association, all by sentiment. Above all, there is the Crown embodying the principles of continuity and unity within the Commonwealth and as such accepted by all the partners. For most of them it is more. It is a shared institution, standing high above the waves of change and political controversy.

These are high arguments. No one who followed the royal tour of the Queen and her Consort can doubt the supreme importance to the Commonwealth of the loyal affection which centred on the Queen wherever she went. But there is no disloyalty in saying that this alone is not a full explanation of what makes the Commonwealth work. The mistake would be to expect more of the Crown than can possibly be given. And much the same holds good of the ties of sentiment, real though they are, and the facts of kinship and contact from which they flow.

Aristotle thought happiness the crown of all human activity. Yet he likened it to the bloom on the cheeks of youth. It was, so to speak, a quality which supervened on others which were prerequisite. So the theologians thought of grace as the perfection of nature: it supervened on the natural activities of man as a quality of a higher order. Common origins remembered, ties of sentiment, the Crown itself are all higher-order links within the Commonwealth. If they are to exercise their strong influence, they presuppose what I am going to call, rather clumsily, first-order links.

What are these? They are economic and political: links of mutual advantage, necessary for the successful working of the Commonwealth though far from sufficient to give it its peculiar strength and quality. And yet these links of economic and political advantage are strong. Britain is a great natural market for the foodstuffs and raw materials produced by the other Commonwealth nations. Britain sends in return what countries actively developing their resources naturally need, manufactured goods and capital. In a prosperous year we export to our fellow-members goods to the value of near £1,000,000,000. But the political advantages are equally direct and simple; for the other members as well as for Britain. Each becomes more, has more influence on the course of world affairs, a more effective say in the great political and strategic issues of our time, more opportunity of effective action in international efforts to increase trade and raise the standard of living, because of belonging to the Commonwealth. The advantages are not one way: they are mutual. That is why they offer a basis on which to build for a long future.

What makes the Commonwealth work is a complex of motives, in which each element reinforces the others. The elements relate to very different qualities and needs in human nature. For this reason in combination they are both strong and supple. Perhaps that is why some people in our country go to an extreme. They realise that Britain cannot 'go it' alone in the present world: they see, too, that the prospect of her continued greatness is bound up with the Commonwealth. Why should not Britain make her great aim the strengthening of the Com-

monwealth, and in its ever closer unity find the full realisation of her inheritance? They have a vision of Britain and the Commonwealth, friendly with all but dependent on none, finding together all the strength they need.

This may be an attractive picture. I shall not stop to argue that. The point is that things cannot turn out that way. This is certain: it is not a matter of opinion. The first proof is in the existence of the Atlantic Pact, acclaimed the corner-stone of our defence by Conservative and Labour Governments alike. Two members of the Commonwealth have thought it right and necessary to combine for the purposes of mutual defence with the United States across the Atlantic, and western European nations across the Channel. The combination is long-term, not short-term. In this divided and dangerous world Britain and Canada know that their fortunes are bound up with those of nations outside the Commonwealth.

It is worth taking the matter a little further. I am clear that a policy of going it alone would split and destroy the Commonwealth, if it were ever submitted seriously for decision. It would be unacceptable to both the Asian and the western members. In the last few years it has been obvious that India is devoting sustained effort to cultivating friendship with its far-eastern neighbours. India would accept no proposal or commitment which would prevent or limit this broad policy. And Pakistan has links which it hopes to strengthen with the Moslem peoples of the Middle and Near East. Any proposal likely to thwart a natural ambition to become the leader of a group of middle-eastern states would not be entertained.

Equally, the western members would never consent. Think of Canada in relation to the United States: 3,000 miles of frontier, a population about equal to that of New York State, common defence problems, strong ties in finance, trade, and industry, an old enduring and reciprocated friendship. Think of American participation in the development of Canadian oil and the iron ore of Labrador, the joint interest in the St. Lawrence Waterway. The future of Canada, while all her own, must be linked to that of the United States.

Then there is the attitude of Australia and New Zealand. They could not do without their Pacific neighbour, the United States: they have said so in the Anzus Pact. This pact is new. Let us be frank: it has surprised and pained many people in Britain that Australia and New Zealand should enter into such an understanding with the United States but without us. This is precisely the sort of issue in Commonwealth affairs which we need to look at with eyes unclouded by older memories.

In 1950 the North Koreans launched their deliberate attack. Nations whose strategic interests lay immediately in the south Pacific had to revise their ideas. At the same time a liberal peace treaty was being negotiated with the Japanese who less than ten years before had fought their way to the outskirts of Australia. Australians and New Zealanders both felt a new urgency about defence. They remembered the second world war and the collapse of preconceived defence plans when Singapore fell. It was the American armed forces which checked Japan. Australia and New Zealand saw that the first power in the Pacific was the United States. When the Korean war made prospects across the Pacific uncertain and insecure, it was natural for these two Pacific members of the Commonwealth to enter into understandings about the common defence with the United States. The Anzus Pact acknowledges a vital strategic relationship.

Relations with Our Neighbours

The other nations of the Commonwealth are in the same case as Britain. Our future, like our past, is bound up with that of our neighbours in western Europe and the United States. The evidence of two world wars and of the Atlantic Pact is final. The strength and vitality of the Commonwealth does not lie in the separation of its members from their neighbours. It is not that sort of exclusive club. It is its nature to reach out, not to retreat like a snail into its shell. Rightly conceived, the connections of interest and policy which each Commonwealth nation enjoys with its neighbours are a source of strength to the whole, not of weakness. They contribute to the effective working of the Commonwealth because they increase the understanding and the influence of each member in its region. And between them the members cover five continents of the world.

This then, in outline, is how I find myself thinking of the Commonwealth today. But the picture still lacks an essential part. The position of Britain and her function within the Commonwealth are in the last resort decisive, for she is its heart and focus. The strings of the

Commonwealth relationship go out from her and return to her. She has laid down the conditions of the great experiment.

There is a danger that Britain, while having successfully avoided one trap, might fall into another. We have avoided the dangers of holding back on the equality and independence of our partners. When the old relationships were past, we have not fallen into the trap of still trying to impose our will. We have fulfilled the first, the negative element, in our role. The danger is that we leave things at that, and do not see our positive function. The second trap is that we can go on being so anxious to avoid the first that we neglect our duty to lead. The Commonwealth cannot get on and succeed without a leader, and there is no one except ourselves who can give a lead. What is more, this is expected of us. Ask anyone who has been at recent Commonwealth conferences: we are expected to take the initiative, and, if we are not ready to do so, the conference stalls.

We are expected to give the lead but we are expected to do so on merit. None of our partners is going to accept what we say on trust because it is what the British say or because of British prestige or British industrial power. We have got to take the initiative and do it so well that the other members of the Commonwealth welcome the British initiative and are glad to acknowledge Britain's position as a good and effective chairman of the club's activities. This is why the comfortable easy-going view of the Commonwealth we are prone to take is misleading and dangerous for us. If the great experiment, with all its constructive possibilities in the world, is to succeed, the responsibility in the last resort rests chiefly with Britain. We need to do things we do not particularly like doing if we are to play our part: we shall have to take thought and articulate some of the general aims of long-term policy: we shall have deliberately to take decisions and devote resources to the Commonwealth; we shall have to go on, as the British Government has been doing, working really hard at our job.

Exercising leadership in Commonwealth affairs does involve heavy calls on our resources, spiritual and material. We must also be clear about that. On the economic side we have to find money, goods, and ideas. Capital for our developing partners: goods to exchange for raw materials and food: ideas to keep policy about commerce and currency moving on sensible lines. We have been and are supplying capital: but not enough. The target given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer was £300,000,000 a year. Our performance is a good deal short of that, and it matters, for the supply of capital is one of the links between Britain and the other members, and, if the link is weak, it transmits

weakness to the other links as surely as, if it is strong, it reinforces their strength. It is very important that in the future the developing nations of the Commonwealth should not look elsewhere for most of the capital they need.

Again, we send great quantities of manufactured goods, but requirements are changing, and we have to meet and anticipate the change. Nowadays part of the definition of nationhood is industrial development. The other members of the Commonwealth are no exception. They are industrialising themselves as fast as they can: at times almost faster than they can afford. But they will not stop: it is part of being free and equal, independent nations. As secondary industries spring up overseas, and primary too, the type of British exports has to change. It has been changing fast since the war. We have to build and sell capital equipment and complex long-lasting engineering goods, at a price, of a quality, with delivery dates competitive with our rivals in the United States and Germany.

We have to think out sensible policies for commerce and currency. In this lecture I will say only this. At all costs we must avoid clinging to outworn ideas. There is a current example of what I mean. A group of people in Britain, rightly seeing the importance of maintaining and increasing trade within the Commonwealth, advocate a policy of increased imperial preference. It is pointless to argue the merits of this proposal for the simple reason that it is out of date and has no chance. I am under the impression that we have raised the matter two or three times at Commonwealth conferences and have got nowhere. At the end of the last discussion the Rhodesias were willing, New Zealand reminiscent, Australia oracular, and all the rest opposed: Canada absolutely, on principle and on expediency, for it would involve living next door to a violently opposed United States; the Asian countries because the idea reminded them of colonialism and imperialism.

Beyond this there is the political side of things. In defence we have to continue to be a firm base able to give assistance as well as receive it if we are attacked. But, above all, we have to take views which are large and sane on the great issues which divide the world, the communist bloc, nationalist Asia and the future of colonial peoples. We have to show that in our relations with the United States we can combine firm friendship with frankness and evolve joint policies which do not entail our giving in where we should not. I believe, to sum up, that what will induce our partners in the Commonwealth to expect and welcome the leadership of Britain is the conviction, sustained by example, that we labour with intelligence and determination for the sanity of the world.—*Home Service*

Reconsidering Relativity

By W. B. BONNOR

ONE of the things that astronomers most wanted to observe during the eclipse of June 30 was the bending of light by the sun. According to the theory of relativity, rays of light, which normally are straight, bend slightly when they pass near a heavy body. Usually, rays passing near the sun from a distant star cannot be seen because of the sun's own dazzling light, but during a total eclipse such rays become visible, and the amount by which they are bent can be measured.

The first successful attempts to measure the bending of light were made during the total eclipse of 1919, and the results seemed to confirm the predictions of relativity—which had, in fact, prompted the measurements. Further apparent confirmation came from observations of the eclipse of 1922. But measurements at subsequent eclipses—and a re-examination of the results of the 1922 observations—have suggested that the predicted value may be about ten to twenty per cent. too small. As the bending of light by the sun is one of the most important observable predictions of the general theory of relativity, it is fair to say that this theory, which is one of the outstanding intellectual achievements of our age, is now under suspicion. Unfortunately, observations of the 1954 eclipse were marred by bad weather in many places, but we are hoping that some observatories managed to get results, and that these, when they are published, will help to settle this question.

Although until recently it was thought that the predictions of

relativity agreed well with observation, the theory has not always been considered by physicists to be completely satisfactory; nor has it altogether fulfilled the high expectations of some of its early exponents. In this talk I shall trace the history of some of the ideas of relativity, and try to describe some of its achievements and shortcomings.

It has long been understood that in a physical theory it is necessary to pay attention to the motion of the observer. Newton, when he constructed his theory of mechanics, recognised that his laws were valid for observers who were at rest, or were moving with a fixed speed in a straight line, but that they did not apply for observers who were subject to an acceleration. When he watched the fall of the celebrated apple, he explained the incident by supposing himself to be at rest and the apple to have an acceleration caused by the earth's gravity. But consider the apple's point of view. Taking itself to be at rest, it sees Newton rushing up towards it, but finds no force which, according to Newton's laws, should be present to explain his upward acceleration. If, now, it accuses Newton of breaking his own laws, it is told that these laws do not apply to the observations of falling apples, because they are accelerated observers. But suppose that the apple persists in regarding itself as at rest and Newton as having the acceleration. How is Newton to prove it wrong? It is no use his saying that he is at rest relative to the earth unless he can show that the earth has no acceleration. Evidently, if Newton wants to formulate his laws so

that they apply only to observers with a certain state of motion, he needs some objective standard of velocity and position which can be used to specify this motion in an unambiguous way.

During the nineteenth century it was thought that the difficulty could be overcome because there was supposed to be a universal fluid, called the ether, which was permanently at rest, and which could be used as a standard of reference for the motion of observers and other objects. The ether was also the medium for electromagnetic vibrations, such as light waves. It was believed to pervade all matter and space, but not to hinder motion through it. The measurement of velocities relative to the ether, if this could be carried out, would solve the problem of how to specify the motion of observers. The earth was known to be in motion relative to the sun, so presumably it also had a velocity relative to the ether. Many attempts were made to measure this velocity, including the famous Michelson-Morley experiment of 1887. The conclusion drawn from these attempts was that the earth had no velocity relative to the ether.

At one time, the explanation of this would simply have been that the earth is at absolute rest, and that the universe revolves round it. But such an idea, which went out with Copernicus in the sixteenth century, is altogether too egocentric for modern thought; accordingly, the alternative was accepted, namely, that attempts to detect the earth's velocity failed because velocities relative to the ether were undetectable. Once this was granted, it had to be recognised that the nineteenth-century concept of the ether was no longer useful, and should disappear from scientific theory. In other words, the reason why the earth seemed to have no velocity relative to the ether was that the ether did not exist.

To abolish the notion of the ether was to give up the supposed absolute standard for measurements of velocity and position. It had to be admitted that the motion of an observer cannot be specified absolutely; it has meaning only when the standards of reference are given as well, and of these standards none has any special claim to precedence over any other. This relativity of motion led to the idea that the laws of nature must be so expressed as to be valid not merely for the experiments of certain privileged observers but for any observer who does the experiments properly, whatever his motion. This is the principle of relativity, and a particular form of it was stated by the French mathematician, Poincaré, in 1904. The main task of the theory of relativity may be regarded as the implementation of the principle; that is to say, as the expression of all the laws of physics in a form independent of the motion of the observer.

A Fruitful Decade

In the decade following Poincaré's statement of the principle of relativity much progress was made in building the new theory. Especially prominent at this time were H. A. Lorentz, a Dutch physicist, and Albert Einstein, whose first work on relativity appeared in 1905. Many discoveries that have since become famous were made: for example, the fact that matter is a form of energy, which has since received such startling confirmation in nuclear fission. The developments of this period comprise the special theory of relativity. This theory does not express physical laws in a form that applies for *all* observers, but is concerned, roughly speaking, with the special class of hypothetical observers who are not subject to any forces. According to Newton's laws, forces cause accelerations, so that the observers of special relativity correspond to what in the older terminology would have been called unaccelerated observers. This theory is now almost unanimously accepted by physicists; it has been verified in a great variety of ways, and has responded satisfactorily to the vast majority of tests that have been applied to it.

I should add, however, that special relativity is not being taken for granted, and an attempt is shortly to be made by Dr. Essen, of the National Physical Laboratory, to repeat the Michelson-Morley experiment using, instead of light, electromagnetic radiation of wavelength approximately that of radar waves. With this method, results of greater accuracy may be expected. Dr. Essen's results will perhaps be awaited with some anxiety by those physicists who are, so to speak, dependent on relativity for their bread and butter, because one of the previous repetitions of the Michelson-Morley experiment, by D. C. Miller, did seem to give a non-zero figure for the absolute velocity of the earth; and even the original Michelson-Morley experiment gave a small but definite velocity. These small velocities have never been satisfactorily accounted for, though, fortunately for the relativist's peace of mind, it seems more likely that they were due

to some peculiarity in the apparatus than to the existence of ether.

In 1915, at the culmination of several years' work, Einstein next produced the general theory of relativity. Special relativity had made it possible to write physical laws in a form that applied to any observer not acted upon by forces. General relativity removed this restriction and showed how the laws could be formulated in a way completely independent of the motion of the observer. It overcame the difficulties of Newton's theory about accelerated observers, and in doing so profoundly altered the whole structure of the science of mechanics.

The Newtonian Theory

To appreciate this, we must consider for a moment the Newtonian theory. This had two main parts: the more general part was the dynamics, which stated how a body would move if known forces were applied to it; the second part, which enabled such great advances to be made in astronomy, was the inverse square law of gravitation, which stated the amount of the gravitational force between two bodies. In Einstein's general relativity, these two subjects, dynamics and gravitation, were combined together in one theory. This is the kind of unification that characterises the greatest theories of physics.

The unification explained an important fact that found no significant place in the older mechanics. In Newton's theory the word 'mass' has two distinct uses. First, it measures the power of a body to cause gravitation, or to respond to the gravitational attraction of other bodies; and, secondly, it represents the inertia of the body, which is its resistance to an agency trying to accelerate it. If you steadily lift a heavy weight, it is the gravitational mass you have to cope with; but if you start to push a motor-car on a level road it is largely the inertial mass which causes trouble. It has been known for a long time that the gravitational mass of a body is equal to its inertial mass; indeed, this is a consequence of the fact, known to Galileo, that all bodies, whatever their size, fall to the earth at the same rate. But Newton's theory gives no explanation of this. In Newton's dynamics the inertial mass of a body is used, whereas his gravitation theory uses gravitational mass, and there is no reason why the two should be equal. But in Einstein's theory this equality becomes comprehensible, and is in fact the link which makes it possible to join dynamics and gravitation together.

Both the physical interpretation and the mathematical expression of Einstein's theory are very different from those of Newton's. General relativity gives to mechanics a geometrical character, as I will try to explain. It was shown by Minkowski that special relativity was much simplified if instead of the three dimensions of space and one of time being considered separately they were dealt with together, in what is called the space-time continuum, which has four dimensions. But long before this, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the pure mathematician, Riemann, had begun to study the properties of four-dimensional space, and much was known about its geometry before any physical meaning was found for it. So Einstein was able to use this knowledge to represent both gravitation and the laws of dynamics as properties of the space-time continuum. In this way mechanics became a form of geometry. Gravitation was to be thought of not as a force, but as something that altered the structure of space-time; and it was this structure that determined how bodies would move. The planets moved in their orbits not because they are tugged by gravitational force, but because of the nature of space-time round the sun. Space and time had previously been thought of as an empty arena in which forces sought to influence the motion of bodies, rather like players with a football. In the new theory, gravity was no longer one of the players, but expressed its effect, as it were, through undulations of the ground.

Three Crucial Tests

In spite of the great difference in form and attitude between general relativity and Newton's mechanics, it was soon found that the two theories gave substantially the same predictions for almost all astronomical observations. Since the Newtonian predictions are very largely correct, this was itself a great triumph for relativity, because it meant that its highly satisfying logical basis was reinforced by observation over a wide field. There were, however, three astronomical observations in which relativity forecast different results; these were called 'the three crucial tests of general relativity'. The first concerned the orbit of the planet Mercury which was already known not to agree with the predicted Newtonian orbit; the second was the bending of light I have already mentioned; and the third, known as the displacement of the spectral lines, referred to the change in wavelength of light emitted by

atoms, such as those on the sun, which were located in a strong gravitational field. The early results of the three crucial tests seemed to be highly favourable to general relativity, but, although the correctness of the relativistic orbit of Mercury is still unquestioned, it now seems doubtful whether Einstein's figure for the bending of light does agree with observation. And the observed displacement of the spectral lines definitely does not agree with the relativity value, though this is probably not a flaw in the theory since there are almost certainly factors other than gravitation involved.

Further evidence bearing on general relativity came later from a different source. It was found that, on the assumption that our terrestrial view of the universe is a typical one, relativity gave theories about the structure of the whole universe. Some of these predict that the universe is expanding and that the distant nebulae are receding from us. The recession should cause light given out by these nebulae to be redder than the corresponding light on earth. This phenomenon, called the red-shift of the distant nebulae, is, in fact, observed, and it has been extensively studied during the last thirty years, particularly by the American astronomer, the late Edwin Hubble. The most recent observations of the red-shift agree well with the expectations of general relativity.

Developments since 1915

I now want to turn to certain developments in general relativity that have taken place since its appearance in 1915. The original theory brought gravitation within the scope of the principle of relativity, and expressed gravitational forces as properties of the space-time continuum. But there are other types of force in physics, namely the forces of electromagnetism, such as the force between two electrons, and the force on a compass needle at the earth's surface; and also nuclear forces, which operate in the core of the atom. These forces remained outside the scope of the theory, and an attempt to alter relativity so that electromagnetism and atomic theory appear, like gravitation, as properties of space-time has occupied a large part of Einstein's energies during the past thirty years. In this he has lately found himself isolated from most contemporary physicists, who try to explain atomic phenomena by the quantum theory.

According to quantum theory, observations of atomic physics are subject to fundamental uncertainties which cannot be eliminated however carefully experiments are carried out; and the older idea that, given sufficient data, future events can be completely determined must be replaced by the view that all we can predict are the statistical probabilities that certain things will happen. Einstein has always believed that the statistical view is mistaken and that even inside atoms events must, in principle, be predictable with complete accuracy. As he puts it: 'I cannot believe that God plays dice with the world'. The way to a correct atomic theory must lie, according to Einstein, through the creation of a unified field theory, that is to say, a relativistic theory which embraces not only gravitation but also electromagnetism and atomic phenomena. But the efforts of Einstein and many others to create such a theory have not so far been successful, though it is just possible that the most recent attempt, developed independently by Einstein and by Schrödinger, may result in progress.

The lack of success in creating a unified field theory leads one to question whether the geometrical approach of relativity is a fruitful one for branches of physics outside gravitation. Now that the more obvious mathematical extensions of general relativity have been tried, it seems likely that the geometrisation of the rest of physics, even if it can be done, would be so complicated as to be unworkable.

Even in general relativity, though the formal mathematical expression of the theory has an astonishing, if rather esoteric, simplicity, it is difficult to solve even elementary physical problems with it: for example, that of two bodies moving under their mutual gravitational attraction. This is one reason why other relativistic theories, different from Einstein's, have been constructed. Another reason for this has been that in Einstein's theory the measurement of space and time seems to involve certain logical difficulties. Owing to the intimate connection between gravitation and space-time, gravitational fields must affect the properties of measuring apparatus, such as rulers and clocks, in a complicated way. For example, it follows from a recent investigation by Professor McCrea that an observer who is measuring lengths in a gravitational field may get different results from his ruler if he changes his hold from one end of it to the other.

It may, I think, be possible to devise a satisfactory theory of measurement in general relativity, and, in any case, the problem has no practical importance for the observations relativity has to deal with

at present; but these difficulties have caused some physicists to turn to relativistic theories in which measurement would be a more straightforward process. A. N. Whitehead, best known, perhaps, as a philosopher, produced as long ago as 1922 an alternative to general relativity in which there has recently been a revival of interest. Whitehead's theory represents in some ways a compromise between the theories of Newton and Einstein, and gives the same results as general relativity for the three crucial tests. It does not fully implement the principle of relativity because it is formulated only for a certain class of observers; for these the law of gravitation takes a fairly simple form, and measurement is free from most of the complications of general relativity. The outstanding defect of the theory is that it does not define the special observers to which it applies. They are evidently much like the unaccelerated observers of Newton's theory, and equally elusive if one tries to pin them down. Several other theories, similar to Whitehead's, have been produced and they suffer from the same disadvantage.

A different departure from general relativity was put forward by E. A. Milne who made the theory of measurement of space and time the basis for what he called 'kinematic relativity'. This theory, like Whitehead's, chooses a special class of observers as fundamental, but has the advantage that these privileged observers are properly defined by means of a theory of the expanding universe which Milne developed from first principles, independently of general relativity. Milne's theory is of much interest in showing how far one can get by starting only with a theory of measurement, but in its present form it does not give a satisfactory gravitation theory, and in fact it does not predict correctly the orbit of Mercury. In these other relativity theories one can see a certain reaction against the extreme generality of Einstein's relativity. Instead of formulating laws of nature for all observers, they seek expressions of these laws valid only for observers to whom nature presents an especially simple form.

None of the alternative theories has found general acceptance, and although some of them have certain advantages over general relativity, in other important respects they seem, at least to me, to be inferior. Certainly Einstein's theory agrees as well with observation as any other, and if further observations of the bending of light confirm that Einstein's prediction is wrong, there is no theory yet available that gives the right value. Newton's mechanics gives a value that is certainly incorrect, so for this and many other reasons there is no chance of going back to the pre-relativistic era. It is possible that the bending of light, like the displacement of the spectral lines, is only partly a gravitational phenomenon, and the disparity between theory and observation, if confirmed, may be due to some factor at present unknown. In this case, general relativity would still be a satisfactory gravitation theory, even if the absence of a unified field theory shows that it is not suitable to describe other phenomena. But, whatever the final form of relativity, we may be certain that the physics of the future will owe much to the vision and genius of Albert Einstein.

—Third Programme

Eternal Triangle

The meeting seemed to them ordained: they guessed
Quite rightly there. As lover will to lover,
They murmured 'We were made for one another':
As so they were indeed, that blade, that breast.

It happened much as was foretold and feared.
The lovely weapon with the jewelled hilt
Struck once, and then, feeling a sort of guilt,
Rushed for its sheath. Oceans of blood appeared.

But that was not the end. For, a while later,
After the dirk was shriven of its red,
Chorus of warner and commiserator
Had strolled away, to shakings of the head,

Remained the obvious though unreckoned third.
And all night long, above the dwindled life,
In the dark wood, the wielder of the knife
Hung like a huge and patient, fostering bird.

N. K. CRUICKSHANK
—Third Programme

Town Planning in Sweden and Norway

By MAX LOCK

I HAVE just returned from my second visit to Norway and my third to Sweden. My first simple impression of these two Scandinavian countries was again confirmed—the impression that they have learned how to live a sane and balanced life. In fact, they achieve a balance which we are in peril of losing. First, they have a proper balance between urban and rural population. Second, they also have a balance between work and leisure. Third, they create a dignified, ordered environment with a high standard of civic design and they manage to foot the bill for it.

Balance between Work and Leisure

In England, eighty per cent. of the people live in towns; just over forty per cent. do so in Norway and Sweden. Besides, these two countries have a very small population. Norway has only one-eleventh of ours, Sweden one-seventh. So the towns are rather small, too, and it is easy to get out of them. As in the ancient Greek Democracies, nature seems always to be a part of the town. Even in the largest cities—in Stockholm, Oslo, Bergen, Gothenburg—the fjords and the pinewoods send out long tongues of blue and green penetrating into the very heart of the town. And that itself helps to bring about the balance between work and leisure. In the summer you sail out to one of the thousands of rocky skerries and pleasant islands; in the winter ski tracks lead you straight out up to the hills. For in Norway three-quarters of the land area is mountainous. This may be one explanation of why you do not see many sports grounds. Nature herself is a playing-field and organised games are hardly necessary. Also people live their day more sensibly than we do. For example, in the summer my architect friends all go to their offices at 8 a.m. and leave at 2.30 or 3 p.m., having the rest of the afternoon and evening for swimming or sailing in the fjords, or going out into the mountains.

In Norway, the towns gain much of their character from the exciting, awe-inspiring, and dominating nature of the mountains. But in Sweden, because the landscape is not so exciting, they depend much more on quality of civic design, on the drama of architecture, on the skyline and silhouette of buildings, on the play of light and shade on wood and brick, and on the relief from the hardness of building materials provided by the softness of perennial plants, creepers, and trees.

This brings me to my third point: the quality of civic design. And here for a few moments I must dwell upon Stockholm. Stockholm seems to me, every time I visit it, a city in evolution, gradually unfolding itself like the steady growth of a plant. Reconstruction has not been forced upon it by the catastrophe of a blitz. On my first visit, in 1937, we were all talking about the Slussen roundabout. That was then the most advanced traffic junction in Europe, canalising fourteen different streams of traffic into a system of elevated clover-leaves. This year, incidentally, it seemed to me already much too small.

Then again, just before the war, the beautiful West Bridge was completed, spanning nearly a mile across the lovely stretch of water known as the Malar. Immediately after the war one could see revolutionary changes in the parks and housing layouts. Interesting new types of housing appeared, such as the first twelve-storey towers of flats or point blocks with comprehensive systems of district heating for large areas. In 1954 I discovered the first stretch of the new underground railway completed, and further lines are in course of construction to allow the extension of the town to new outer suburbs. In addition there are now bigger and better arterial motorways, clover-leaf junctions, and elevated roundabouts at Johanshof—'our latest traffic machine', one of the Swedish architects called it. Perhaps in another ten years they, too, will seem too small.

But civic design includes everything that is seen as one walks about the town; and the thing I could not help admiring about Sweden was the whole conception of street architecture. A great deal of thought and care goes into the design and selection of such things as lamp-posts and bollards and street name-plates. I noticed that the trees were planted in a sensible manner in perforated slabs in the pavement, so that their roots can breathe and drink. *Finesse* and intelligence in small details

extended into almost everything one saw in Sweden, inside as well as outside buildings, from the well-designed and unobtrusive bicycle racks along the curbs right down to the steel-and-rubber door-mats. And everywhere about the pavements in the streets were to be seen gay pots of flowers, little pools of water with fountains, and well-placed statuary.

Again, one could not help admiring the shopping centres. In one of the new suburbs of Stockholm I came across the most charming arrangement of shops. They were lined up on both sides of a cobbled street closed against motor traffic by well-placed bollards at the top of three or four very long and very shallow steps. Children were perched on the top of the bollards. Cyclists were coming in and wheeling their bicycles to the racks on the curb-side, and mothers were strolling peacefully with their prams along the shopping parade without the fear of being run over. On the very outside of this shopping centre on each side was the main road, where goods could be taken into the shops. Above the shops were two or three storeys of flats, each with its big projecting balcony and boxes of bright flowers.

Architecturally the Swedes make a great deal more of their balconies than we do, and they are not afraid to project them outwards, giving a much more exciting and colourful appearance to a long row of buildings than when balconies are just holes in the main facade. Nearly all these shopping centres that I saw seemed to have an open paved forum just at the end of the narrow shopping street, and this forum was frequently dramatically dominated by a really high block of flats of some eleven or twelve storeys. I discovered another local shopping centre at Årsta in Stockholm, where the shops are built on either side of a long, shallow pool in which the children paddle and sail their boats.

It is not only the shops that have such careful attention given to them. At Årsta I went into the local community centre, which I found contains a dance hall and a theatre, both functioning in the same room. The stage is on the level of the dance floor, which is hinged all along the back wall. When a dramatic show is put on, a mechanism lowers the floor from the hinged end. Rather like the flap of a gigantic trap-door, it sinks down slowly until its front end comes to rest about four feet below the level of the fixed stage, thus forming a long raking auditorium floor.

But I think the most truly delightful part of Stockholm is the system of parks. During the past ten years Holger Blom, Head of the Parks Department, has revolutionised the whole theory of park design. He took me round himself in his car. 'They are not just patches in a built-up town', he said, 'but are a cohesive whole forming *strings* that traverse the town in all directions'. I thought they were just like rivers of green supplementing the blue waters of the Malar, dividing up the different sections of the city and giving to each one individuality and life. They pass under the roads as safe green ways from neighbourhood to neighbourhood and lead eventually to the heart of each shopping centre. This human, intimate, and organic function of the parks as a recreative lung for people of all ages is considerably enhanced by the system of planning the new housing layouts. These are penetrated or girdled by coppices of pine and birch, which lead straight into the park.

Trained Designers

I think the main reason why civic design in Norway and Sweden seems to be simpler and more refined than it is here is that only those who are truly trained for the job are entrusted with the problem of designing. They do not make the mistake, as so many of our smaller towns do, of allowing everything to be done by or under the borough engineer; though he may be a very good engineer he certainly is not trained as an architect. In both Norway and Sweden all building in the towns is put up under the direction of qualified architects, whether it be for private clients or for the municipality. Also I found that the municipalities in Norway and Sweden seem to call upon private architects a good deal, thereby gaining an interesting variety in public building.

A thing that I thought very sensible, and that I remembered noticing in 1937, was the importance they attach to making models, so that lay committees can see what the buildings look like before they go up. I know many town planning committees in England where there is not a single architect, even among the officers, to help the committee to come to a sound judgement when looking at the paper plans of buildings which it is its responsibility to accept or reject. How can they know without seeing the building represented in a more solid form? In Stockholm and in Gothenburg, when I was in the planning offices there, I found that five per cent. of the planning staff were engaged on making models, not only of individual buildings but of whole sections of the town.

I have mentioned point blocks. Since my last visit in 1949 I detected a sort of new look in the skyline of most housing schemes; everywhere the tall figures of these tower-like blocks were projecting above the trees. I do not want to discuss the sociological implication of living in point blocks, but I do feel there is a strong reason for their existence in most of the Scandinavian cities, where the rocky nature of the ground makes it almost impossible to find a site that is level on which you can build a housing scheme economically. Also the cost of blasting out foundations is very high, and so, contrary to what we find in England, the cost of a flat in one of these multi-storey point blocks in Sweden works out at a good deal less than the cost of an individual house.

There is another important difference. Houses in general are not divided into the sheep and the goats, the municipal house and the speculative builder's house, and there appears to be no snob value attached to living in a privately built house or bungalow as is still found in England. But, on the other hand, there seems to be a healthy rivalry between schemes promoted by the municipalities, and those built by the housing co-operatives and those built by private enterprise. For many years also there has been a most successful system of home-built houses in which the family supply their labour instead of cash and in return are given the whole box of tricks for a wooden, prefabricated, two-storey house—even the paint. And with a small amount of municipal supervision they erect their own home in their spare time. Over a period of twenty-five years they pay back interest in the form of rent until they finally become the owners. This scheme is so successful that no one is allowed to do this more than once in a lifetime.



Shopping centre, closed to wheeled traffic, in a suburb of Stockholm

Max Lock

I suppose there is no country in Europe, except possibly Switzerland, where the general level of technical proficiency is as high as in Sweden. Perhaps some of my English friends felt that the architecture of Sweden was too respectable, too refined, and perhaps too conventional. They were not entirely wrong. In spite of her fine range of materials, her well-organised building methods, Sweden has a good deal less to say architecturally than a number of other nations who have not the same means of building so well. Layouts all seemed to show a studied deliberation, and they were beautifully maintained. But three-storey housing blocks were used to excess, with the result that the layouts tended to be rather stereotyped, with too much repetition of long gable-ended building units, though there was the occasional brilliant exception.

In Norway we did come across a daring and imaginative solution to the problem of building on steep and rocky sites. At Baerum, just outside Oslo, flat-roofed bungalows were placed one behind the other up the steep slopes of rock, for all the world looking like a giant staircase in which the roof of one dwelling serves as the terrace of the one that is above and immediately behind.

In Oslo, Gothenburg, and Stockholm large new suburbs and neighbourhoods are being built outside the city. In Norway we went to see the Lambertseter scheme designed by Frøde Rinnan just outside Oslo. It is constructed on a high, rocky plateau on which some 30,000 people are to live in eight compact communities of houses and flats, each one surrounded by encircling bands of pine trees and moss-covered rocks through which run footpaths to the schools and the shops. The central community of houses not yet built is conceived boldly: there are to be eight tall point blocks on the highest part of this great plateau, and these blocks will be seen at a great distance punctuating the skyline above the mantle of fir trees.

In Sweden we went to Vällingby, ten miles out of Stockholm, the new neighbourhood for 23,000 people serving as the centre for an urban district of 100,000 people. This scheme is a more sophisticated affair, and it would never have come into existence had it not been for the new underground, or Tunnelbahn as it is called—such an essential means of communication in a city like Stockholm, built on an archipelago. Vällingby is the terminus. As you come out of the tube station you come into a sort of 'skyscraper square,' an impressive civic or shopping piazza, surrounded by fifteen twelve-storey point houses. But the theory of planning the town itself is that here any tall blocks of flats are limited to a radius of only 600 yards



Norway and Sweden 'were able to plan their railways to link up to the centre of the town': the East Station, Oslo

from the station, and the smaller buildings of some two, three, or four storeys extend to a distance of 1,000 yards away. In this way it builds up towards the centre. There are few one-family houses in this project, nearly all the accommodation being in flats or maisonettes.

However, in spite of so much new building, I was told there is still a serious housing shortage. Although there are heavy subsidies—the rising cost of building increases rents and encourages over-occupancy (a polite word for overcrowding!). As in England, there are gross inequalities between old rents and new. Rent restriction acts, too, have the same effect of freezing stiff thousands of dwelling units from which tenants will not budge and which landlords will not properly maintain. The obvious lack of paint on older property told me that Sweden was not solving her problem of private landlords and rents any better than we.

As for the work of town planning, this I found is considerably helped by two important things. First, in most of the larger Scandinavian towns the municipalities own some two-thirds of the city's land area, which greatly facilitates reconstruction. Land is leased to building owners with the possibility of renewal after sixty years. Secondly, Sweden actually had her first Planning Act while we were busy building our slums. All through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries she had had certain planning measures, but the Town Planning Act of 1874 consolidated all these previous laws rather like our own much later Act of 1932. Happily, it also coincided with the era of railway development that was so late to arrive in both Norway and Sweden. In this way they were

able to avoid some of the worst errors of the Victorian era, and were even able to plan their railways to link up to the centre of the town, in many instances with handsome, tree-lined parkway approaches, so different from the rather surreptitious backdoor, almost sewer-like entrances conceded to the railways so grudgingly by the authorities of some of our own industrial cities.

In both Norway and Sweden, planning legislation seemed to me pleasingly logical and uncomplicated: it aims at dealing in detail with local problems and in broad outline with regional ones. Towns—even small ones—plan themselves: they do not get planned by any over-riding administrative body such as our awkward shaped and somewhat anachronistic county councils—too big to be local, too small to be regional. In Norway, groups of towns and rural districts covering areas as big as three or four of our counties come together to make, with the Government's blessing, an overall plan and form a regional committee, to achieve what the Swiss call 'inner colonisation', i.e. the simple intelligent development of the natural resources of each region and each place.

I came away feeling that, in Norway's conception of regional planning and in Sweden's example of sensitive civic design, all executed within a simple democratic framework, this Scandinavian example was a model not only for mature overdeveloped countries like our own, but also perhaps still more for the underdeveloped, unspoilt countries of the world.—*Third Programme*

Is Our Culture Slowly Dying?

By D. S. SAVAGE

I HAVE it in mind to ask, seriously: Is our cultural life slowly dying? On the face of it, the question is absurd: never was so much being done in the field of the arts as now; never, perhaps, were such high prices paid to successful writers and artists and musicians for their work; never, certainly, were there so many and such powerful organisations for the encouragement and dissemination of 'culture'. But pause a moment; step back from the whirl of things; and you will see that the question is not absurd.

It is not at all an absurd question if you accept the distinction drawn by some thinkers between *culture* on the one hand and *civilisation* on the other. I believe that the distinction is a valid one and an important one. There is no doubt at all that we are far more outwardly civilised than were our forebears of almost any time within the past 400 years; there is considerable doubt that we are more inwardly cultured.

But let me be severely contemporaneous and matter-of-fact and turn to the opinion of a bookseller. In *The Author*, some issues back, Mr. I. P. M. Chambers, a member of a well-known London firm, wrote that for the English bookseller today the over-production of titles presents a grave problem: many more books are being published than even a big bookselling concern can digest. To quote his own words: 'There is overlapping of subject, scholarship devoted to things not strong enough to bear it, a frenzied searching out of subjects better left in oblivion'. But this, he thinks, will right itself in time through sheer economic pressure, when only those authors whom an inner urge keeps at their typewriters will persist. More serious, he says, is the fact that a generation has reached maturity which has lost the enthusiasm for book-buying: 'Twenty-five years ago, any bookseller will acknowledge, there was a vitality in book buying on the part of the younger section of the public, which today is almost wholly lacking. It is not due, I think, to diminished spending power, but is a direct result of a loss of interest in things of the spirit. Something that a generation ago sustained and encouraged us has gone out of our lives, and that missing vital factor supplied and itself fed on the best that literature could offer. The new public is no longer concerned with ultimates. Simply it "couldn't care less".'

You will notice the phrase, 'no longer concerned with ultimates'. But art and thought—by which I mean creative art and thought, the activity, in the Coleridgean sense, of the Reason and Imagination in man—have to do essentially with ultimates. The creative writer in his work, and we through his work, are brought into communion with the realm of ends; we experience a liberation from the claims of the

practical world, and we enter into the realm of value. That is why art is sometimes likened to prayer. But here is the point I want to emphasise with all the force at my command. True art, like genuine prayer, must be integrated with life as a whole. You cannot, as an artist or a thinker, devotedly aspire to the truth, to the realm of ends, without being altogether willing that your whole existence shall be brought into conformity with the values of which you are made aware through that devotion. No more can you, as a reader, seriously read a book without opening yourself to your very depths to the experience, and being willing to allow the book to change your life, and your manner of living, if it has the power to do so, to however fractional a degree.

When this unity of art and life, art and living, is broken, you have that trivialising of art which I call 'aestheticism'. Reason and Imagination dry up, and you have a literature of the Fancy and the Understanding, again in Coleridge's sense. You have entertainment, even if of a very superior kind; you have a scholarship which is an activity of the brain separated from the whole man. You have advertisement, publicity, propaganda. But there is more to it than that. Cultural health depends upon the deeply implicit feeling, in both writer and reader alike, that life itself is open to be changed, that the future is open and potential, and that ideas have some ground in which to take root and grow and come to fruition. Perhaps that is what is lacking today, when the future seems closed, determined.

The connection between literary vitality and a fearless freedom of expression on all matters directly and indirectly relating to letters was brought vividly home to me recently when by chance I inherited a file of *The English Review* for the period 1908-10, when the magazine was edited by Ford Madox Ford, or as he then was, Madox Hueffer. Here was work by Conrad, Hardy, James, Wells, and Bennett, as well as by the coming men, Pound, Lawrence, and Wyndham Lewis. But in the voluminous back pages—and each issue was as thick as a provincial telephone directory—were articles, by such men as Hilaire Belloc and J. A. Hobson, on unemployment; on the press; on foreign policy; on women's suffrage; on the Russian police-system; on the novelist and the circulating-libraries; of such a disinterestedly outspoken and hard-hitting character as would be unthinkable in any literary journal of our own time, only forty years later. While between the arts at the one end, and current affairs at the other, there were contributions of the first quality on a diversity of subjects, ranging from a deeply impressive account, by a woman writer, of her mystical experience, to an

entirely practical article on the economics of the small market garden.

It is my impression, and one that I should be delighted to be forced to abandon, that not only is there today in this country no magazine of the literary quality of the original *English Review*, no journal covering such a wide range and with such a galaxy of contributors; but that there is simply no place for such an uninhibited expression of opinion on matters of general concern. We breathe, I am sure, another and a less free air; and if we have become acclimatised to it, so much the worse for us, and for letters. Compare, even, the literary journals of today—subsidised, institutionalised magazines, which are able to pay very high rates to their contributors—with the struggling but, oh! how much more alive journals, of the 'twenties and 'thirties: with the *Calendar*, the *Adelphi*, the *Criterion*, and so many others. These, the organs of a thinking minority, may have been less catholic than Ford's venture. But still, each had its dominating and shaping editorial idea, each was as much concerned with thought, in its relation to the possibilities of living, as with literature pure and simple. Whereas the magazines of today seem exclusively and excruciatingly 'literary'. And, yet another sign of the times: the literary man who was also something of a leader of thought is a character which seems to be on the point of vanishing from our stage. I speak under correction; but it seems to me that such men as Middleton Murry, Herbert Read, Wyndham Lewis, now in their fifties and sixties, have lost heart; and there is no one to replace them.

What, then, is happening, all but unnoticed, in our midst? Let us go back to the distinction between culture and civilisation. The concept 'culture' and the concept 'civilisation' do not run together in the same direction; rather they cut across each other transversely. In this they follow the pattern of thought which sees human life in terms of a tension between contrary principles: spirit and nature, freedom and necessity, leisure and work, value and utility. Culture belongs with the first series—spirit, freedom, leisure, and value. Civilisation belongs with the second—necessity, work, utility. A fully human life presupposes a harmonious reconciliation of the two: not only mystical experience but also market gardening. But, of the two, the first series must be taken as primary. Reason and Imagination as human faculties are concerned with the realm of ends; Understanding and Fancy are not.

Individual Art Outmoded?

I believe that what has happened in the course of the past 400 years is that the balance has been lost; that Reason has been ousted by the scientific understanding, and that nature, necessity, and work have taken precedence over spirit, freedom, and leisure, and that in consequence human life has become subordinated to what I can only call the civilising process—that rising tide of which mercantile capitalism, the industrial revolution, and our own technological age are stages. This process realises itself in time, for it has no knowledge of the eternal. It is something which is continually and of necessity expanding, but which has no end, for the simple reason that human ends lie not in time but in eternity, not in the realm of necessity but in freedom. Instead of a true end, which by definition would transcend the process itself, it sets up a sequence of finite purposes—ends which are in turn means to other ends—and the only conclusion we can see to the whole process seems to be the slave state and the hydrogen bomb. As the process continues it pulls up its own cultural foundations, makes the culture of the past into a museum-piece, and turns art into a commodity. The whole process has such an air of ineluctable necessity—historical necessity—that many over-impressionable writers have committed themselves publicly to the view that art as we have known it is an outmoded thing, and that the writer who wishes to survive must regretfully adapt himself to the service of what one of them has called 'the new, collective art-forms of the future'.

It does seem to be the fact that willy-nilly, and with the best of intentions, we are drifting into something like the managerial form of society; and if that is so, it is only a matter of time before writers are organised into corporations and remunerated out of public funds. Things have certainly changed a great deal since I began writing about twenty years ago. The social dualism of the 'thirties, which permitted the rebel writer of that time to associate himself with the oppressed, and fostered a critical and satirical note in his writing, has not survived the last war and the Welfare State. But as our society becomes more unified externally under the related pressures of economic, political, and military necessity, it inevitably loses its flexibility, its areas of independence and freedom, and the non-conformist is more and more

out of place. Many of our greatest writers—many of the greatest writers of all time—we should remember, have been non-conformists.

It does seem as if, for his spiritual and artistic well-being, the writer needs to be in relation with as wide as possible a circle of readers drawn from the body of society, while yet enjoying great freedom; freedom of expression and freedom in his personal response to life. Perhaps D. H. Lawrence was the last writer of consequence to enjoy these conditions. Yet even Lawrence, during and after the first world war, felt himself to be an outcast from society, and much of his later work was a long, agonised protest against the trends of a mass civilisation. Even 'progressive' writers, who began by believing in civilisation, have ended in protest: look at the last writings of H. G. Wells—*Mind at the End of its Tether*; and of George Orwell—1984! And if writers today, in 1954, do not protest, it may well be because things have gone so far that they feel it to be useless.

Limits to Public Discussion

Certainly we have freedom of speech: am I not exercising it now? But there are invisible boundaries across which public discussion hardly cares to stray. One must not, for instance, question an unlimited technological expansion, with all its deadly consequences for social life, for, we are continually assured, for better or worse we are 'committed', and our very 'survival' depends upon it; nor must one question the preparations for genocide which are going on, for much the same reason. If you think I am moving too far from literature, let me take a significant article on 'Literature and the Lively Arts' which appeared just over a year ago in *The Times Literary Supplement*. By the lively arts, television in particular was meant. Television is an accomplished fact. Whether it is a culturally desirable fact is a matter of opinion. But here it is, and, says the anonymous writer, what all such new means of communication require is 'perception of the nature of the modern world, and genius to interpret it in these media which, whether we like it or not, are now part of all our lives and which we cannot ignore or, like latterday Luddites, succeed in smashing'.

There is something about that phrase, 'whether we like it or not', which jars on me; I hope it jars on you. But it is the sort of phrase to which we are getting accustomed. (In parenthesis, it puts me in mind, for some reason, of G. K. Chesterton's comment, when he was reviewing a book of Mr. Murry's called *The Necessity of Communism*, that he liked the communism a great deal better than he liked the necessity.) I can see no reason at all why, if they happen not to like television, writers and artists should not ignore it, as they ignore a great many other technical products of the modern world. But, this writer goes on in effect to argue, because it is a fact, therefore television programmes should be 'conceived by the finest creative brains in the community and composed, like other forms of art, with expert and loving knowledge of the full resources of the medium'. Not only is this a total *non sequitur*. It is based on a typically modern inversion of the relation of the creative impulse to technique. In any case, the finest creative brains in the community might still find far greater satisfaction in writing old-fashioned books and painting old-fashioned canvases.

Fitting into the Managerial Society

The question, how can the arts be fitted into the managerial society, is one which is exercising many artistic and managerial minds at present, and I am afraid the answer must be that they cannot be fitted in, except in debased and mutilated form, as in Soviet Russia. No more can religion be fitted in; and the Soviets were at least consistent in their proscribing of Christianity.

There is, in fact, a deep divergence between the civilising process on the one hand and the realm of values, which is the realm of art, religion, and the personal-communal life, on the other. We would all like to see this divergence overcome before it grows unbearably acute. But how will it be overcome? There is no simple answer to that question, but I think it safe to say that it will not be overcome by a surrender to the civilising process with its substitution of a receding series of finite purposes for a true end. The fate of art, and of culture, and indeed of man himself, is bound up with the rediscovery and renewal of the Reason and Imagination; and the subordination, in principle, of the order of nature and necessity, work and utility, to the superior order of spirit, freedom, and value. This is much more than a literary matter, more even than a cultural matter. It is a deeply personal and religious matter. And as a first step we must, individually, find our conscience and live by its laws.—*Third Programme*

Law in Action

Freedom of Contract—Reality or Delusion?

By A BARRISTER

LAST year a Mr. White brought an action for damages against a company from which he had hired a carrier cycle. Under the contract the company agreed to maintain the cycle in working order. They broke this term of the contract by allowing the bolt, which should have held the saddle firm, to become rusted through and useless, with the result that, when poor Mr. White was riding the cycle for the first time, the saddle suddenly shot forward and he was thrown to the ground and injured. In answer to his claim the company relied on a clause in the contract which said: 'Nothing in this Agreement shall render the owners liable for any personal injuries'. The decision of the Court of Appeal was that although this clause might protect the company from liability in contract, they were still liable in tort. A layman might have wondered whether the Court had employed some typical lawyers' technicality to get out of having to find against the man they would obviously want to find for.

But let us first consider in general the position which arises where an individual member of the public accepts a printed form of contract containing conditions (usually on the back and in very small print) which exempt or limit the liability of the company or firm using this form of contract in circumstances in which the ordinary man would say that the company or firm ought to be liable.

The Clothes and the Cleaners

The other day I was commissioned to take some of my wife's clothes to the cleaners. I took her back the ticket they gave me and, knowing that she had taken clothes to these cleaners dozens of times before, I said to her 'Have you ever read the conditions on the back of the ticket?'. 'No', she said, 'I did not know that there were any'. There were, though I expect that few of the customers except lawyers ever read them. On the front it said: 'for conditions see back'; and on the back it said: 'Conditions of Acceptance', and then underneath that

- (1) All work on the goods is done solely at the owner's risk. (2) No liability is accepted for any delay, damage or loss howsoever caused.
- (3) We are entitled to contract work out and these conditions shall also apply to any work contracted out. (4) None of our agents or employees has any authority to alter or qualify these conditions in any way.

If you send to the cleaners a couple of evening frocks and a few other clothes their value may amount to a tidy sum, and if the cleaners burn holes in all of them so that you can never wear any of them again, you might think that the loss ought to fall on the cleaners rather than on you, but if you sued these cleaners they would point to the conditions on the back of the ticket and say that they were not liable at all. Is that the law? And, if it is the law, ought it to be the law?

In theory the law is simple enough. There is complete freedom of contract. No one, the law says, need enter into a contract if he does not want to or otherwise than on such terms as he may choose to agree. If, therefore, he agrees terms which produce an unjust result, that is his own fault. The Court's sole function is to ascertain what is the contract which the parties have made, and to construe its terms, and to apply them to the facts of the case. The Court certainly has no power to disregard a clause in a contract merely because, in the events which have happened, it produces an unfair or unjust result.

At the time that this law arose it was probably true that there was freedom of contract. But how far is it true today? If you take a house from a local authority or large private housing estate, the red, green, yellow, and purple ink which the solicitors used to use when negotiating the detailed terms of a lease between two individuals will not be used, because the lessors will produce a standard form of lease or tenancy agreement which they will say they cannot alter for a particular tenant. Do you need gas, electricity, or the telephone? It will be useless to tell the Gas Board that you will take their gas but that you do not like their standard terms of contract.

As well as the railways, and other nationalised industries, the same thing is true when the ordinary man has to contract with large private enterprises having a monopoly or near monopoly of particular goods, and even with small firms if, through a trading society like the Institution

of British Launderers, they have all agreed together to impose the same terms on all their customers. The fact is that, as the late Master of the Rolls said:

Under present circumstances, large numbers of persons of comparatively humble means enter into legal relationships which were unknown fifty or seventy years ago. Houses are bought through building societies, furniture is bought on hire purchase, insurances of all kinds are effected, and in many other ways the lives of such people are involved in legal transactions of a kind their grandfathers never knew. The other parties to these transactions are in many cases powerful enterprises whose forms of contract leave much to be desired from the point of view of clarity and often, I am bound to say, from the point of view of fairness.

Lord Greene's examples of hire purchase and insurance were peculiarly apposite. As all lawyers know, hire purchase companies have a particularly bad record in this field, and if you go to an insurance company you will probably find, for example, that the policy includes an arbitration clause. In the hands of the less reputable insurance companies this clause is, I am afraid, used to repudiate liability by taking before an arbitrator, sitting in private, highly technical points devoid of any merit, which such companies would hesitate to take before a judge in open court. In one case in which an insurance company did take such a point and succeeded in law, Lord Wrenbury said in the House of Lords:

I think it is a mean and contemptible policy on the part of an insurance company that it should take the premiums and then refuse to pay upon a ground which no-one says was really material. Here, upon purely technical grounds, they, having in point of fact not been deceived in any material particular, avail themselves of what seems to me the contemptible defence that, although they have taken the premiums, they are protected from paying.

Lord Dunedin's comments in the same case were too robust for repetition, even in the Third Programme.

Another example is the high-sounding guarantee which manufacturers and vendors of motor-cars, wireless sets and other household appliances attempt to impose on their customers. If I buy such a machine from a company which deals in such goods and I make known the purpose for which I require it so as to show that I am relying on the skill or judgement of the vendor, the law implies a condition that the goods shall be reasonably fit for that purpose. The usual object of the guarantee (which is sometimes contained in printed conditions on the back of the order form and is sometimes a separate document which occasionally ends with an impressive-looking seal or scroll) is to deprive you of this right by stating that in lieu of any condition or warranty implied by law or statute, the manufacturer or vendor undertakes that if the machine is defective and if it is returned to them carriage paid, and if they are satisfied that some part is defective, they will replace the defective part, charging you with the cost of the labour for replacement. To the uninitiated ordinary man the guarantee appears to be granting him a favour; in fact it is little better than a trap intended to deprive him of his statutory and common law rights.

Layman's Point of View

I said that in theory the law was as I put it. The practising lawyer has to distinguish between the law to be found in the text books and what the layman calls 'the Law'. 'The Law' to the layman is the law in real life—what happens when you go to law: not what the academic lawyer thinks the judge ought to decide, but what he does decide—the law in action. For example, the Court of Appeal may decide a point of general application. For the next forty years it may be followed by judges in deciding other cases; at the end of forty years the point may go for the first time to the House of Lords which may overrule the forty-year-old decision of the Court of Appeal. The lawyer says that what the House of Lords has now decided was 'the Law' all the time, although nobody knew it. The layman with a greater sense of reality says that the House of Lords has changed 'the Law', which in his sense it has.

If you go to law in England you will probably find that the judge not merely wants to decide the case according to law but also as the merits of the case may require. This is a great advantage to honest men and is one of the things which have helped to give English Law the high reputation which it has. Judges now have to apply to an age in which freedom of contract is continually decreasing, a law evolved in an age when there was freedom of contract. There has therefore been a natural tendency to try to get round an unreasonable and unfair condition in a standard form of contract: I mean the sort of thing that no sane man would have agreed to if he had realised that it was part of the contract and had had any real freedom of bargaining as to what the terms of the contract were to be. There are, in fact, eight ways of getting round such conditions, all of them, I need hardly say, ways within the law, because they depend on invoking other principles of law.

First—an easy one—the conditions of the contract relied on by the defendants to exempt them from liability may be contrary to an Act of Parliament; for example, the Industrial Assurance Act, 1923, the Money lenders Act 1927, and the Hire Purchase Act 1938, all of which contain provisions intended to limit the unfair activities of powerful groups in a position to impose unfair standard forms of contract on individuals.

Secondly, no printed condition is effective against fraud or misrepresentation. In a case tried in 1951, a Mrs. Curtis took a white satin dress with sequins on it to a cleaners' shop to be cleaned. She was given a paper headed 'Receipt' and was asked to sign it. She asked what it was and was told in effect that the defendants would not accept liability for certain reasons like damage to beads and sequins. That seemed reasonable, so she signed it. In fact the 'receipt' contained the condition: 'This article is accepted on condition that the company is not liable for any damage, howsoever arising, or delay'. The Court of Appeal held that the cleaners could not rely on the exemption clause because they had innocently misrepresented to Mrs. Curtis what it was that she was being asked to sign.

Key of the Hotel Bedroom

Thirdly, the Court may find that the condition on which the defendant relies did not form part of the contract. In 1949 an action was heard in which a Mrs. Olley had gone to stay at a hotel. On going out she locked the door of her room and left the key on the rack in the reception office. The defendants negligently allowed someone to take the key from the office and enter Mrs. Olley's room and steal a quantity of her goods. The defence was that there was a notice exhibited in her room which said 'The proprietors will not hold themselves responsible for articles lost or stolen unless handed to the manageress for safe custody'. The Court of Appeal held that the terms of the notice formed no part of the contract between the parties because this contract had been made when Mrs. Olley was accepted as a guest (when she took the room and signed the register), at which time she had not seen her room, or, of course, the notice.

Fourthly, the Court may find that the defendant has committed some fundamental breach of the contract and therefore cannot rely on the contractual terms to vary the Common Law position. It 1951 an action was brought by a Mr. Alexander against the Railway Executive, because when he left his luggage in the cloakroom they knowingly allowed someone else to come and take it away; and it was held that in deliberately allowing this person to take Mr. Alexander's luggage away they had committed a fundamental breach of the contract, thereby bringing the contract to an end, and therefore could no longer rely on the special conditions of the contract on the ticket.

Fifthly, there may have been something said verbally between the parties which overrode any such conditions. In 1950 a Mr. Eddy put a heifer up for sale by auction. When the heifer came into the auction ring there was no bid. Mr. Eddy then said that there was nothing wrong with the heifer and that he would take her back if she turned out not to be as he said she was. A Mr. Harling thereupon bid for the heifer which was knocked down to him. The heifer was in fact sick and soon after she died of tuberculosis. When Mr. Harling claimed his money back Mr. Eddy pointed to a condition in the auction catalogue which said: 'No animal, article or thing is sold with a warranty unless specially mentioned at the time of offering and no warranty so given shall have any legal force or effect unless the terms thereof appear in the purchaser's account'. The Court of Appeal held that the verbal statement made at the auction overrode the printed condition.

Sixthly, the defendant may have completely failed to carry out the contract and the Court may hold that the condition cannot apply in

such a case. If, for example, you chose a particular cleaners, relying on them to do the work, and they contract the work out, the Court may hold that the conditions on the form were only intended to apply provided that the cleaners did the work themselves. That is why my wife's cleaners had put in a clause specifically providing that they might contract the work out. As you will understand, large companies and combines have lawyers who read the Law Reports, and if the Court finds a way out of an obviously unfair and unreasonable condition the combines naturally do their best to alter their standard forms of contract so as to stop up the particular hole which the Court has found.

Mr. White and the Carrier Cycle

Seventhly, the Court may find that the defendant is protected by his condition from liability in contract but not from liability in tort. This was the way out in the case of Mr. White and his carrier cycle. Those who put into circulation goods which are intended to be used without examination by the user, and which, if defective, may cause injury to the user, owe in law a duty to the user (with whom they may have no contract) to take reasonable care that the goods are not defective. While therefore the condition in Mr. White's contract protected the company in contract, they remained liable to him in tort because they had not carried out this duty which they owed him, apart from any contract between them.

Eighthly, but by no means least important, the Court in such cases has in recent times made a particularly wide use of a general principle of law that if part of a contract is ambiguous it should be construed against the party who drafted the document. Like most of our Common Law it is only common sense. In Mr. Harling's case, for example, the Court of Appeal not only held that what Mr. Eddy had said at the auction overrode the printed clause in the auction catalogue, but also held that, if it did not, the clause in the auction catalogue excluding warranties did not exempt Mr. Eddy from liability, because what Mr. Eddy said was a condition, whereas the clause in the auction catalogue applied only to warranties and not to conditions—a highly technical lawyers' distinction.

You may say: 'But does not all this make it very difficult to know in advance what the law, in the layman's sense, is in any particular case?' Of course, it does. Not infrequently one can only say to a client: 'Here is this condition on the back of the contract form, which seems to apply, but I am bound to tell you that on the facts of the case most judges are going to try their hardest to decide the case in your favour (or against you, as the case may be) and there are one or two ways in which a judge might be able to get round the condition'. This is not very satisfactory either to the lawyer or to his client. The truth is that it is desirable that the law should have two attributes. First, it should be certain. Nothing is worse than when the lay client goes to a lawyer and the lawyer has to say that, whatever the law is in theory, the result of an action is a fifty-fifty chance. Secondly, judges must keep the law flexible if an old Common Law principle is not to cause injustice when applied to changed economic and social conditions: otherwise, whenever the rigid application of an old law in new conditions would create injustice, we should have to wait for parliament to change the law. And experience shows that to remove a legal anomaly by statute takes parliament on an average about thirty-five years from the time when the anomaly has first become obvious to everyone. Unhappily these two attributes are in conflict, and in the nature of things the conflict between certainty and flexibility can never be resolved. All the judges can do is to hold a fair balance between the two.

Should Parliament Take Action?

The difficulty in the field under discussion is the increasing extent to which you and I have no real freedom of contract in so much of our private and business life. What, then, ought to be done? The judges cannot, of course, override the law. They can only give it a shape. It may be that we are approaching a point where only parliament can go further by giving the Court an overriding power to ignore conditions which are plainly unjust and unreasonable in cases in which one party has had no practical alternative but to accept the conditions imposed upon him by the other party's standard form of contract. We are not without precedent. I mentioned the Industrial Assurance Act, the Moneylenders Act, and the Hire Purchase Act. Two of these Acts, and another example, the Bills of Sale (Amendment) Act, 1882, were not the work of any government; law reform wins no votes at elections and in each of these three cases, as so often happens, the Act was the work

of a private member. It was a private member, too, who was responsible for the inclusion of Section 7 in the Railway and Canal Traffic Act 1854 which made all conditions limiting a Railway Company's liability for negligence or default in the carriage of merchandise subject to the test of it being just and reasonable, and although some judges objected to having to decide whether a particular condition was or was not just and reasonable, still—the section worked.

Another suggestion, which has been made by Mr. Sales in a valuable

article in the *Modern Law Review*, is that parliament should pass an Act establishing a commission to prepare standard forms of contract in each of the trades or businesses scheduled to the Act.

Meanwhile, I am afraid that experience shows that the use of standard forms of contract continues to increase, that conditions continue to grow in their departure from standards of fairness, and that people will sign or accept absolutely anything as long as it is printed.

—Third Programme

John Locke as Founder of the Board of Trade

By PETER LASLETT

ON June 25, 1696, there was a meeting of ten Stuart noblemen and gentlemen in a room in the rambling Royal Palace of Whitehall. Half of these people were Ministers of His Majesty King William III, the Keeper of his Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Lord High Admiral. Chief amongst them was Sir John Somers, Lord Keeper and the head of the Ministry. The other half of this group were men outside the Government; a great Civil Servant, a clever nobleman of uncertain reputation, a late Treasurer of the Royal Society, an economic writer, and, last of all, John Locke.

Committee that Worked out Colonial Policies

This meeting was the first of a series which were to continue two or three times a week for eighty-six years, and after a break of a year or two to go on without interruption until our own day. For the title of the new committee was 'His Majesty's Commissioners for promoting the Trade of this Kingdom and for inspecting and improving His Plantations in America and elsewhere', and it soon became known as 'The Board of Trade'. But it was not only the huge department of government which we still call by this name which had its beginning in that meeting, but also in a historical sense the present Colonial Office and the Office of Commonwealth Relations. This was the body which administered the United States before the American Revolution, and this was the body which first worked out the British policies that still govern the lives of so many people throughout the world.

John Locke founded the Board of Trade. In this simple statement, of course, are contained a multiplicity of scholarly approximations and exceptions. John Locke, a private gentleman of modest means and no political position, could not have been the person who actually brought a new organ of government into being. Only the head of a Ministry in power could do that, and in this case it was Sir John Somers. Moreover, it was not possible, it never is possible, to create a new function of government absolutely afresh. The responsibilities which the new committee undertook had existed for a long time, and had been fulfilled by a succession of committees not very different from the one which first met in 1696. Nevertheless on this two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Locke's death we find ourselves faced with a historical discovery, a minor discovery which I happen to have made myself a month or two ago, that the Board of Trade was suggested and instituted by him, and that with it came into being an attitude to administration of vital importance for the modern world.

This is not the occasion to present an academic proof of a historical discovery. This will have to be done, and is being done, in the proper footnoted form in a learned article. The proof consists in a set of inferences from the very close relationship between Locke and Somers at the time that the Board was being planned, and from the behaviour of Locke after it came into being. He certainly controlled the Board in its first formative years, worked out its policy and dictated its decisions. Because he did this, I believe, and because he was the man he was, living in the particular atmosphere of late Stuart England, Locke's career has about it a unique quality. This versatile man, a perfectionist in all that he did, devious, uncandid in his ways, is the classic example of what I have chosen to call rather clumsily the socially responsible intellectual. He was the first of them all within the English, and so the British and American, political and administrative tradition.

It may help us to see what this means if we follow the story of the Board of Trade a little further. The first action of the committee

was to choose for themselves a full-time professional secretary. But they caused a little commotion when they passed over the obvious official candidate from within the administrative hierarchy, and insisted upon engaging a thinker and a man of letters, William Popple, Marvell's nephew and a rationalist theologian. Popple was one of Locke's friends: he had got the job for him six months before: that Locke could do this is one of the pieces of evidence which implies that he suggested the committee. The next business was a room to meet in regularly, and they did just what we should expect; they sent for the responsible Royal Official, the Surveyor General of the Royal Works. The man who came in answer to their request was a late President of the Royal Society, a mathematician, an anatomist, and an architect—Sir Christopher Wren. Later on they found themselves concerned with the question of a coinage for the American colonies. This time they were joined at their table by Mr. Isaac Newton, Warden of the Mint.

This, then, was the sort of people Locke had to deal with. This was the intellectual atmosphere in which what we now call bureaucracy first made its appearance. The vivid, deceptive atmosphere of modernity in which Locke's Board of Trade did its work comes out in a minute made at their third meeting, on July 6, 1696. Margaret Wood was to be taken on as a 'necessary woman' to keep the board room clean, the first of the Civil Service 'chars'. But if we are to seek comparisons to help us to understand Locke's situation in terms of our own, we have to hand a facile title for the man himself. In these things, and indeed, in many others, Locke was the Lord Keynes of his generation.

Philosopher as Administrator

In all these ways, then, Locke's insistence that the man of great intellectual gifts should feel called upon to take part in the everyday administration of his country was typical of a certain group of his contemporaries. Moreover, if we are inclined to be surprised that a man whose greatest claim to fame lies in pure philosophy should have spent the later years of his life writing minutes on the wool trade of Ireland and on the most suitable candidate to be governor of Virginia, we should perhaps begin by questioning ourselves rather than Locke. It is the modern world we know which sets the intellectual apart, and expects him to behave like Hobbes, or Rousseau, or Wittgenstein. It is, indeed, we who have invented the conception 'intellectual', and given to it the attributes of free-moving—free of social class and social determination, free to participate or not in the politics of his day, but if he participates to do so in the special, intellectual way. We must not forget that Locke had behind him the great tradition of the Medieval Church, where to be an abbot or an archbishop meant to be responsible for administration, political and national as well as local and spiritual. We must not forget men like Thomas Cromwell and William Cecil, who deliberately and rationally changed English administration in the modern direction 100 years before Locke was born, and did it as part of that intellectual movement we call the Renaissance. We must not forget that he had his successors, too, even in the easy, traditional atmosphere of the eighteenth century, during the disintegration of the *ancien régime* in France. Antoine Lavoisier, the Newton of chemistry, was a Farmer General of the French taxes, and he lost his head for it in the French Revolution.

Nevertheless, I think that Locke's is a special case, and that it does make a claim on our veneration for him as a man on an anniversary like this one. For one thing, he undoubtedly suffered for it, suffered for it in body, if not as painfully as Lavoisier, and suffered for it in a

respect where he was most sensitive—in intellectual reputation. In the year of the foundation of the Board of Trade he was old and ill, he had only eight years to live, and they were to be eight extraordinarily painful and wearisome years. His asthma was so much of an agony to him that he could only bear to be in the smoky atmosphere of London—gritty then as it is gritty today—for the four warmer months of the year. All his immense labours on English political economics and colonial policy were done in those five brief periods ending in November 1700. Business was often held up because Mr. Locke was ill, and William III nearly killed the old man by summoning him to London in midwinter on a particularly urgent matter. This was itself an interesting incident, a meeting of two famous, important, and unlovable men, their careers indissolubly linked in history, both of them asthmatics, talking about we know not what in Kensington Palace, which had become the royal residence because King William could not endure the smoke of Whitehall and St. James's.

Strong Motives

The motives which made Locke face physical ordeals such as these must have been strong and they must be respected. They were not motives of financial gain, or of political ambition, or of a human desire for power and for fame. After the crucial year 1690, when the famous *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* was published, Locke needed only to have sat in retirement and written at his leisure. His only official job was as a Commissioner of Appeals which he characteristically refused to treat as a sinecure. All that was required of him was to relax in the soft and grateful atmosphere provided for him by the devoted Dame Damaris Masham, write his letters, work at his books, and make his occasional dignified visits to London. Nothing but vexation and notoriety of the unwanted sort could come from taking a part in the hurly-burly of national administration.

And these things all happened. These last fourteen years of Locke's life, from 1690 to 1704, were perhaps the most remarkable in the whole history of English thought, for the success he enjoyed and the intellectual influence he wielded. They were marred only by the fierce controversy which went on about the Lockian doctrines themselves. Locke and his writings—for all the modesty of their claims and common-sense of their contents—have always aroused deep resentment and uncontrolled abuse amongst people with a certain sort of attitude. Apparently they still do. In his own day his crudest opponent was a Cambridge don, a certain John Edwards, and in 1697 he was abusing Locke as 'a Committee man, and one who understands Manufacture and Industry', an occupier of 'a Post for the encouraging and improving of Trade in this Kingdom'. Who, asks Edwards, could possibly be a 'Commissioner of Trade for the Barbadoes' and yet be a just writer? It would be foolish to make too much of Edwards and his insults. But it will serve to illustrate the resistance to Locke's ideal of the educated man who is socially useful, for the views of Edwards were the general ones, not those of Locke or Newton or Wren. He represented the age-old university tradition and he was baffled because Locke felt it to be a criticism of university learning that it did not prepare a man for political responsibility—he tells us so.

Locke was too intelligent and experienced a man to suppose that he would have it all his own way inside the Board of Trade once he had persuaded the Government to establish it, and had himself framed its guiding policies. Part of the evidence which has made it possible to infer that Locke did found the Board of Trade is in its form a record of an extended struggle of this sort over the detailed administration of the colony of Virginia. Locke won this battle at the time, and the campaign he fought is an extraordinary example of the power of the man's mind. He could grasp the detail of a complicated economy and an intricate colonial society with a sureness and skill which only the eminences of our own Whitehall could possibly appreciate.

But that Locke failed in the end is surely clear enough from the fact that it has been necessary for a historian to discover 250 years after the event what it was he actually did. His plan of Virginian reform stood for a few years only. By the middle of the eighteenth century the connection of Locke with the Board of Trade was nothing more than dim tradition. Not that all his specific policies were similarly defeated. The record as far as we have it is remarkable far more for Locke's successes than for his failures, since he was not content merely to get policies past this administrative and advisory organ, but was able so to influence both Government and Commons that he could even get Acts of Parliament passed in the form which he wanted. But the point of substance is that all that he attempted or accomplished must have

taxed his failing strength and taken up his time, and this at a period when he never expected to live out the next winter. To be prepared to do this a man must be clearly convinced that what he was doing was worth doing, that it was his duty to do it, and particularly his duty because of the whole tenor of his life and his thought.

This must bring us up against Locke the thinker. Although his manifold accomplishments were well enough known to those who sat in committee with him, although they were able to make good use of his previous experience in such matters and of his medical and economic skills, he was always looked upon as 'Mr. Locke, the ingenious Author of the *Understanding*'. And it is as a thinker of thoughts now woven into the intellectual tradition not of our country only but also of the whole world, of France and of the United States perhaps even more than of Britain, that we are celebrating him on this his anniversary. Can we trace this sense of the social responsibility of the intellectual back to some element in his theory of knowledge, or more probably his theory of politics and society?

We know a great deal about Locke as a man and Locke as a thinker. Indeed the danger may be that we know too much, or are in a position to get to know and to get into print much too much even for this great reputation to support. After the recent opening up of Locke's papers there would seem to be no question which we could put to him which could not be answered. Surely it should be possible to make some sort of answer to a question such as this. In principle the question can be answered, of course. We could point to the emphatic sense of responsibility which accompanies Locke's insistence on the freedom and responsibility of all human beings. We could use his doctrine of the separation of powers to show that his conception of his work at the Board of Trade arose from his conception of a Federative Power of a society, regulating its relations with other societies—independent or colonial. We might use Locke's Puritanism as a source for his sense of political duty, or even talk of capitalism. If capitalism is defined as the insistence on rationality, then Locke's interest in rationalising central administration may be held to be connected with it. But I do not believe we can get much further in this direction.

Locke's letters do contain an answer to the question of why he took the trouble to attend at the Board. 'To serve my country to the best of my considerable ability' is a paraphrase of it, but it should not be allowed to convey too much of the tinge of arrogance. Locke was genuinely retiring in his nature, genuinely modest about what he did. We know that in these last fourteen years Locke was more and more interested in politics, in the news, in the foreign news particularly. In so far as we can answer the question we have put to ourselves—and it will be evident that it is my feeling that answering it is not the most important thing the historian has to do—we should perhaps be satisfied with things like this. Locke was interested in how his country was run. He liked economic organisation and regulation, he wanted to do it. So he used his influence to get into a position where he could do it.

An Expert in Administration

In fact he acted as an expert acts in our own administrative life today. And modern governments need such experts, they need the type of mind which can make policy out of a mass of challenging, perplexing fact. Locke had a mind like this, in fact he probably had the best mind of that type that any Englishman has possessed in this nation of administrative genius. It is not fanciful, then, to look back on that odd little meeting in the year 1696 as beginning something with which we are all familiar, and of which most of us are proud. We can see in it, if we wish, the first expression of the attitude which had its triumphs in the Durham Report for Canada and in the great succession of committees and enquiries which led to the independence of India and Pakistan. It is because people with minds like that of John Locke have so often felt the same social responsibility as he did that we can nationalise our mines or control the complexities of our currency—always supposing that we want to.

Tradition has it that Isaac Newton was the first person to make the pilgrimage to the lonely little church and churchyard of High Laver in Essex where Locke was buried 250 years ago. We have no means of knowing what he thought as he read the chaste elegance of that famous epitaph. Locke had been his patron and had tried to be his friend, but Newton was an unsatisfactory friend to have. We are, I suppose, the last to make that pilgrimage here, and we do so after this long story of admiration and respect, but variable sympathy. I believe that we can be quite simple-minded in our admiration of Locke. We should admire him for his sense of civic responsibility.—*Third Programme*

NEWS DIARY

November 10-16

Wednesday, November 10

President Eisenhower asks the Senate for early ratification of the south-east Asia Defence Treaty

U.S. Senate debates motion of censure on Senator McCarthy

The Vickers Viscount airliner is to be given a certificate of airworthiness by the United States

Thursday, November 11

Mr. Dulles gives a warning of Communist China's aggressive intentions in south-east Asia

The French Socialist Party decides to vote in favour of Paris agreements on re-arming western Germany

French Council of Ministers agrees on a number of measures to check alcoholism

Friday, November 12

High tides cause serious floods in Hull area and other places on the east coast

Trade union leaders in Australia recommend dockers to end their strike

French Prime Minister accuses Egypt of encouraging the terrorist movement in Algeria

Saturday, November 13

The National Party is returned to power in New Zealand with a reduced majority

Russia calls for a conference of the powers concerned in European security

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother replies to addresses of welcome from both houses of the Canadian Parliament during her visit to Ottawa

Sunday, November 14

General Neguib is relieved of his office of President of Egypt by the military regime

A Chinese Nationalist destroyer is sunk in the Formosa Strait

French Prime Minister begins a visit to Canada and the United States

Monday, November 15

Sir Anthony Eden states in Commons that his first reaction to Russian Note is that it contains no new proposals

A suggestion that B.O.A.C. may purchase American aircraft is criticised in debate in Commons

Fog interferes with transport in north of England and Midlands

Tuesday, November 16

Commons debate Opposition's motion of censure on Government for its policy on pensions

Colonial Secretary makes statement in Commons about Kabaka of Buganda

Salaries of university teachers to be raised

Report on air disaster at Singapore published



General Mohammed Neguib (centre) leaving Abdin Palace, Cairo, on November 14 after he had been relieved of his office of President of Egypt. He is accused of having been in touch with members of the Muslim Brotherhood, the extreme Nationalist organisation, which is alleged to have planned to assassinate all members of the Revolution Council except General Neguib



Gales and heavy rain caused serious floods in many parts of the country last week. In Hull, where this photograph was taken, flood water covered three square miles of the town after the river had burst its banks



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother at the Governor's Palace during her visit to Hull last week; she is accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh. November 12 Her Majesty



A seventy-five foot high bronze statue of a man who died in the capture from Iwo Jima in 1945, being dedicated. The ceremony was attended by the Queen Mother. Left: salvaging a 100-year-old gun barrel, Malta's main defence, had their obsolete and were dumped in Valetta. They are now being salvaged.



photographed on her way to the
visit to Williamsburg, Virginia,
Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller. On
flew to Canada



Sir Ambrose Fleming, F.R.S. (1849-1945), whose invention of the thermionic valve (patented by him on November 16, 1904) led to the telecommunications and other applications of electronics we know today. An exhibition marking the jubilee of his invention was held this week in the Electrical Engineering Laboratories of University College, London, where he was Professor, 1885-1926



The Sudanese Prime Minister, Sayed Ismail el-Azhari (left), who paid an official visit to London last week, leaving 10 Downing Street on November 10 after lunching with Sir Winston Churchill. With him is Sayed Ali Rahman, the Sudanese Minister of Justice



An incident in front of the Spartak goal during the match against Arsenal played by floodlight at Highbury on November 9. The Russian team won by 2 goals to 1



Miss Pat Smythe, the British rider, won a double success at the Paris International Horse Show on November 14, the Prix des Champs Elysées and the Grand Prix de Paris. She is seen taking a jump on Prince Hal during the latter event



ial to the United States Marines
panese of the Pacific island of
Washington on November 10.
President Eisenhower

off Malta. These guns, once
ls sawn off when they became
sea as wave-breakers outside
s scrap for the British Ministry



Left: a Cornish headland acquired by the National Trust: Carnweather Point (with coast-guard tower) seen from Trevan Point. This new acquisition links two fine stretches of the north Cornwall coast already owned by the Trust

Good-bye to Grock

An impression of the Swiss clown by LIONEL HALE

HE comes into the bright lights of the circus ring, and the laughter and the applause start at the mere sight of him: the great baggy, check trousers, and the long flapping boots, and the Guy Fawkes mask of what he himself calls his pig's face—his red nose, and his violet-black lips, and his long chalky-pink chin, and his little felt cap: all of him a broad grin. Even the toes of his boots seem to be split from ear to ear, so to speak. This grin is the grin of our welcome given back to us: and yet there is something else in it, an apprehension, an anxiety, a wish to please. He is all the clowns of the centuries. A rich clown, Grock, and a famous clown; but a clown still eager to sing for his supper: and a clown whose whole ingratiating body seems to express a hope that he will get his supper, and not go hungry to bed in his caravan after all.

I saw the last performance of Grock a couple of weeks ago. He has been retiring on and off for years. Some say that whenever he left it, he missed the circus life; and that the applause and the laughter have always dragged him back. Some have felt that Grock is a great musician, and has a right to love the silvery music which is made at the turnstiles by reichsmarks and francs and pesetas and lire and kronen. And some doubt whether Grock, who is now seventy-four years old, will stay in his retirement, making clocks and violins and walking round his olive groves in Italy. But his own people—the jugglers and the trapeze artists and the fellow-clowns of his circus—think Grock has gone for good. Age is twisting his hands. His act is a musical one and he is a musical man: it is torture to him when his old hands strike the wrong notes. The performance I saw, the circus people said, was, at last, the last.

At all events, the evening was not, for me, one of those sentimental occasions of farewell. Of course, there was the pathos of that figure going out from the arc lamps into the dark Hamburg night. But for me, the evening was not Grock going away, but Grock very much there, and I myself there at last, by the skin of my teeth, to see him. I never had. I had heard and read so much of him, of his fiddle-playing, and his antics with a broken chair, and all the rest, that it seemed a tragedy to miss him. And all I had heard of Grock, Grock did: and all I had learned of Grock, Grock was.

This great Swiss artist has for years flared on the posters as Grock, *der König der Clowns*—the King of Clowns. It was not his abdication that I shall remember, but Grock as it were enthroned in that little circus ring, with his crown over his leering eye, an undisputed monarch. Does he do, is he himself, all that they have said? He does, and he is. On he trails, with that half-commanding, half-pleading grin. He brings with him his famous battered chair, his famous huge battered suitcase: all of the famous Grock, indeed, seems to have been battered about for years. The suitcase will not open. He wrestles with it with both hands. He opens it with one finger. From its cavernous inside, straining and sweating, he at last brings out, as if he were a midwife dealing with a mouse and a mountain, the smallest fiddle on earth. Do you know how you tune a fiddle, if you are Grock, who is a clown and—never forget it—a musician? You produce from some unspeakable pocket a green balloon. You blow it up, and let the air out—and it sounds a perfect E. And you smile, widely, with surprise and pleasure. Something has gone right.

So much goes the other way. Grock is poised teetering for ever on the edge of shame and failure. Let me try to tell you how he

embarks on playing his violin proper. (He has by now changed into his black suit, a hideous billowing parody of evening dress, held together with a vast safety pin. His partner in beautiful tails, looks severely at this indispensable fastening of the pin. '*Nicht hübsch*' he says. 'Not pretty, not elegant'. '*Nein aber praktisch*' replies Grock half-shamed, half-defiant. 'No, but practical'. Anyway, forward he strides like Kreisler to play a violin solo, and out of sheer vainglory he spins the violin bow up in the air, to catch it on the third spin. Only he doesn't catch it. He misses, and it falls to the ground; and Grock stamps his great flapping foot, and thumps the air with his fist. So he picks up the violin bow to practise, and goes behind a screen to do it;

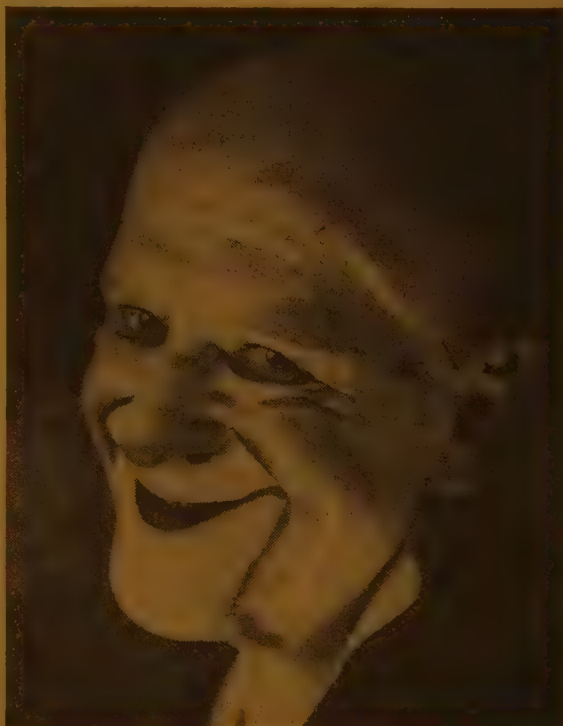
and you see over the top of the screen the violin bow spinning up three or four times, and Grock is clearly getting the trick of catching it. He comes out, full of confidence, from behind the screen. He strikes his pose, he spins the bow up—disaster again! Once more, he retires behind the screen to practise: once more, he emerges with his courage restored: once more, he spins up the bow. . . . Ah, it is terrible! His face crumples. Fate is too hard.

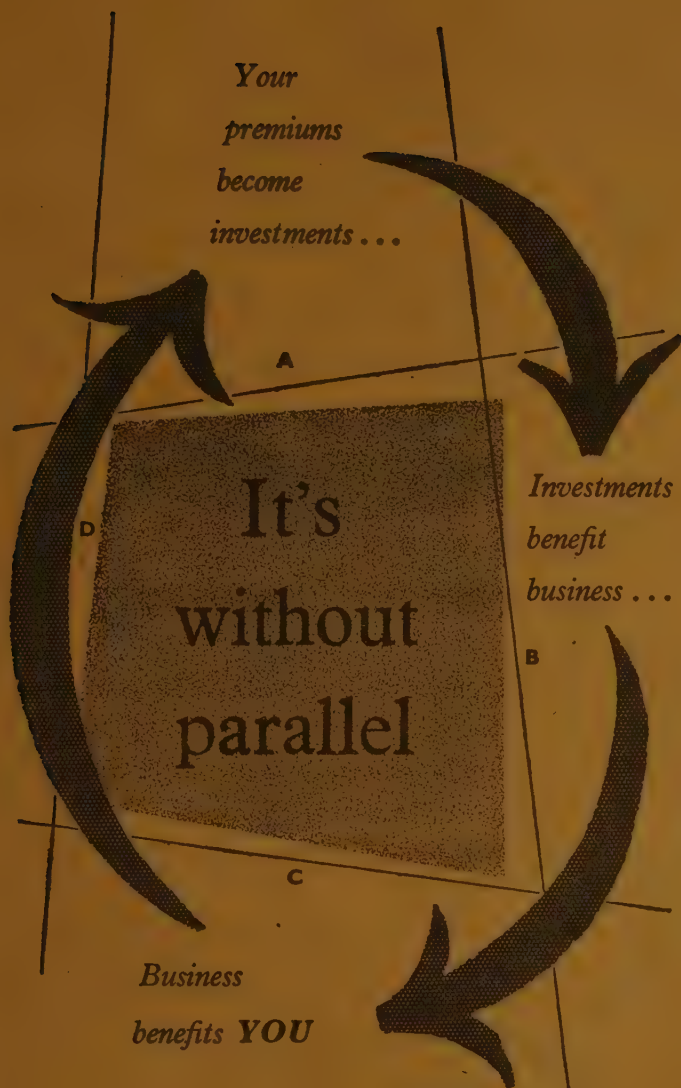
But a clown must be a philosopher. He bows to fate. He angrily abandons the trick and thrusts the fiddle under his chin. Only . . . the fiddle is now the wrong way up. Grock stares at its belly, back view, in a sort of primitive wonder, like a man who has seen a rhinoceros for the first time. And you in the audience know—it sort of comes over you—exactly what a fiddle back looks like, shining there smoothly under your chin, at a range of three inches. Where are the strings? That is the whole problem of human existence at the moment. Where are the strings? There used to be four of them. Surely there used to be strings. Grock's eyes—nothing else moves—wander suspiciously round the floor—little eyes, elephant's eyes, old eyes in the elephant's wrinkled skin. And then it occurs to him

that something is the wrong way round. Perhaps it is himself. He does a desperate about-turn, a sort of demented swivel standing at attention. Fate has not relented. And Grock abandons himself suddenly to wild rage, stamps both his great fish-like feet, windmills his arms, and savagely thrusts the violin back under his chin: and look! It is the right way up! Grock is enchanted. And before it can go wrong, he strikes his pose to play, enthusiastically, and absent-mindedly spins the violin bow up—and catches it. And a split second after, realises that he has caught it. And, if his despair has been terrible, now his face lights up with sudden surprise, ravishment, joy, and a darling braggart triumph. And we laugh uproariously, and we feel our hearts coming out of our mouths with our laughter, to Grock and for Grock.

You can admire, coolly, even while you are watching the delicately perfect timing of all that, the hand and the eye and the little whimpering snarl from his mouth, all exquisitely dove-tailed. This 'timing' we talk of—what is it? It is the planning of communication between the artist and the audience. He catches that bow, without noticing it. We see it, we see the jest—he doesn't; and then, after giving us that infinitesimal moment of superiority over himself, the clown sees it too. We love him for his stupidity, we love ourselves for our intelligence. Truly, clownery is the flattery of us fools.

We know in advance, when we see that rickety chair, that Grock is going to fall through it. We see disaster coming in the piano lid, and we wait for the middle of the arpeggio in which it will come crashing down on his poor old fingers in their thin white cotton gloves. And





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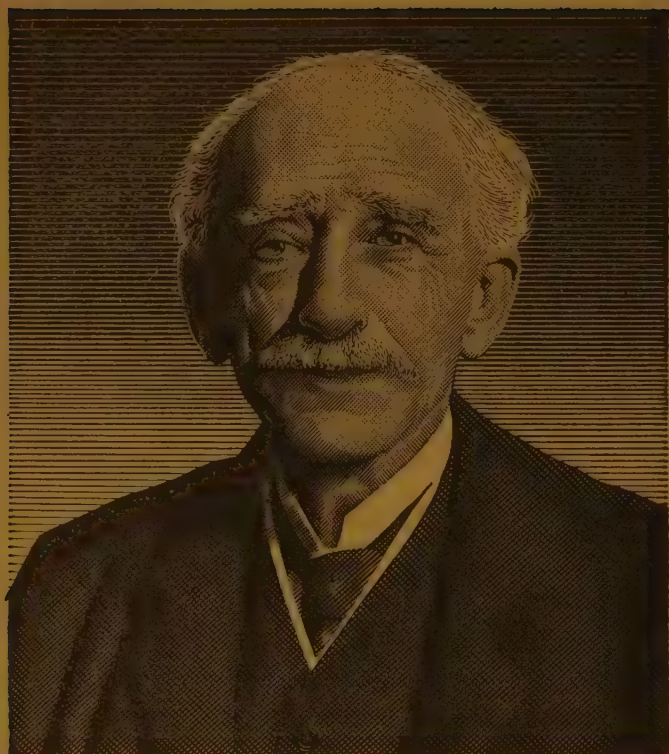
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he protracts the suspense, pursues the fated arpeggio, till our breath is ready to burst out of us. Timing. His act has hardly varied in one movement, in one slap of his great foot, one hitch of his billowing trousers, has hardly varied for many years; but his partner, Alfred Schatz, tells me that he has to watch him—alas, has had to watch him, will watch him no more—watch him microscopically each night, because he varies in timing by the most minute and subtle degrees, following the pulse-beat of us on the wooden seats under the big tent.

But he is not all humility. Grock may be the clown fated to suffer, as he juggles with his white gloves rolled into a ball, or impotently watches his partner performing miracles of music while he himself waits for his turn. But, here and there, Grock asserts his majesty. He has captured us, and drops his assumed folly. He is the King of the Clowns. He does something I have never before seen an artist attempt. Alone at the edge of the ring, he picks up his concertina. He begins to play a plaintive little south German air; and very slowly he circumnavigates the ring. There is nothing but the tune, and the slow swish, swish of those great soft boots: and Grock for two minutes, for an eternity, going round, looking at us, with a smile, a slight smile, a friendly smile, but a smile of . . . what? Of the supreme quality of a great artist; of authority. Slowly round, swish, swish . . . his eye on each of us in turn. It is a sort of royal progress, an emperor making a gracious tour of a circle, a lion-tamer who has all his beasts sitting on their pedestals and is slowly going past them, almost with insolence, quietly, holding them with his eye. And all the time Grock smiles. Well may he smile!

As for the character he plays—suffering humanity, do you think? A sort of Chaplinesque little man? No, I think not. Grock plays Grock. He plays the European clown. He springs from, and he comprises in himself, the tradition of ages. He derives from Bébé and Serillo, and

from Pippo and Toniloff, and from the old Fratellinis. There is the peasant quality in him, in his shrewdness and his stupidity, and in his little grossnesses. You see in him something nomad, something of the caravan, in which he has still lived, something of the dusty roads of Europe.

He is the European clown of yesterday, of today, I hope of ever: that is his essence and his act. His partner, when Grock plays some wild grotesquerie at the piano, loses patience and hits him with a violin-bow on the top of that bald, tinned-salmon-pink head. Grock freezes. He rises slowly and his face is one of woe—the real woe of all circus people who wish to live and eat. '*Schlage mich nicht*', he says, deep and soft. 'Don't hit me'. His partner tells him that he played wrong. '*Das weiss ich*', says the old man, unsmiling. '*Aber schlage mich nicht*'. His partner relents, and forgives him, but Grock still looks at him, and his voice suddenly trembles—'*schlage mich nicht*'.

Grock was born Adrian Wettach. He has been playing for sixty-one years. He has been stable-boy, and has swept out the ring, and taken the money at the box office. He has gone to hospital from falls in the ring. He has done wrong, been moved on by the police, arrested: he has been beaten enough. Don't hit me. He has walked the road in winter in his shirt. He has been stranded without a pfennig in far countries. He has painted his face in a tent leaking with rain, in Hungary or Sweden or Spain, by the light of one candle. He has brawled, and got the worst of it, and been beaten, and just at this moment all the rich years and the fame are forgotten; and he stands for his last performance in the circus ring at Hamburg, with his long painted pleading face—'*Schlage mich nicht*'.

And the next moment all is buffoonery, and a wild, gross, peasant assault on his partner with the piano lid. And then, a few minutes after, Grock has shuffled out of the lights, for ever.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Reith Lectures—I

Sir,—Sir Oliver Franks (THE LISTENER, November 4) dismisses in a few sentences the idea of Britain ceasing voluntarily to be a Great Power. It is impossible, he says, except in the world of make-believe. Could he deal with this point more fully in a subsequent lecture? I myself find the prospect of leading 'a quiet life on our island, democratic, contented, and reasonably industrious' quite attractive. Being a Great Power means that sooner or later you are involved in war, and war these days is no joke. Whereas if you are another Switzerland war passes you by and nobody interferes with you. Do not the Swiss 'have a say about their destiny'? Do they 'leave it to be decided by others'?

A Great Power, Sir Oliver says, has a certain range of choice and manoeuvre in world affairs and can take part in decisions affecting the course of history. A Great Power can by its actions affect the fate of other Great Powers. Is there much point in being able to manoeuvre in world affairs if it brings H-bombs on your towns? Why should we want to affect the course of history and the fate of other Great Powers? Why cannot we, with Voltaire, cultivate our own garden and let others cultivate theirs? Sir Oliver says that almost all of us take for granted this view of Britain continuing as a Great Power but in view of the catastrophic nature of a future war I wonder whether I am alone in my doubts.—Yours, etc.,
Beckenham

DAVID E. JONES

The Law and Obscenity

Sir,—Mr. E. M. Forster has put his finger on a crucial point in the question of what constitutes obscenity, when he demands in

his letter (THE LISTENER, November 11) a definition of 'depravity' and 'corruption'. But I doubt if a legal definition exists which does not contain undefined, question-begging terms. One must distinguish the factual question of whether certain kinds of literature would deprave and corrupt the young, from the moral question of what constitutes depravity and corruption; that the latter is a moral question is clear from the fact that it depends upon personal attitudes and beliefs, to which empirical facts are irrelevant. And this is the crux.

Prelates who thunder puritan platitudes from pulpits must remember that a large number of intelligent, responsible, and civilised people today form their beliefs and develop their attitudes to human sexual behaviour independently of what Protestants think about the matter. Our minds are no longer made up for us by a Church to which we compulsorily belong, and hence no special infallibility attaches to the teachings of the Church except for those who accept its authority or seek its guidance. This fact must be acknowledged realistically by all who take an intelligent and responsible interest in this question and who wish to thrash out its implications in an adult and civilised manner.—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.3

R. HUGHES-HALLETT

Sir,—Mr. E. M. Forster reminds us that 'obscene literature tends to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such influences', and asks for a definition of depravity and corruption. I, in my turn, would like to know more of 'those whose minds are open to corruption'. It would seem to me that, to present a successful case, one would have to present witnesses who would say, 'my mind is

open to corruption and this book tended to corrupt it'.

In recent cases I cannot recall seeing it reported that anyone gave such evidence. Are we to assume, then, that the only people whose minds are open to such corruption are those connected with the case; the prosecution, counsel, jury, and court authorities? Or is it right to regard the majority of us at large as possessing 'minds open to such influences'?

Yet a recent Unesco report stated: 'It seems essential to make a clean sweep of all preconceived ideas and prejudices, such as that . . . pornography is dangerous for the young'.

The law, presumably, would like a set rule, such as five pints of beer and one is sober, five and a half pints and one is drunk. How easy life would be if such rigid applications were possible. Personally, I think that in this matter, as with betting, we are in danger of bringing the law into contempt. Alternatively we must go the whole hog: penal servitude for anyone telling or listening to a 'smoke room' story (and what a wide haul that will bring in!)

There are weak-minded people, of course. But they are continually in danger: I am assuming, of course, that my own recent scalping of my mother-in-law and shooting my wife through the heart with a bow-and-arrow was due to a surfeit of cowboys and Indians stories when I was young. In the main, however, I do not think we are nationally in danger of being corrupted this way. Obscene literature, like many other things, is a form of escapism and is, apparently, only obscene for a couple of hundred years, after which it becomes 'Art'. And it is all linked up with the marvellous, profound, contradictory creation we call man (and woman). But that is another, longer story.

Yours, etc.,

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ERNEST J. GALE

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P&O

Sir,—The best definition of obscenity and the soundest consideration of its position in law was written by the American Judge Curtis Bok; but it is curiously and perhaps conveniently left out of most discussions in this country. Some of the relevant passages are as follows:

Obscenity is measured by the erotic allurements upon the average modern reader; that the erotic allurements of a book is measured by whether it is sexually impure—i.e., pornographic, 'dirt for dirt's sake', a calculated incitement to sexual desire. . . . If we say it is that the reader is young and inexperienced and incapable of resisting the sexual temptations that the book may present to him, we put the entire reading public at the mercy of the adolescent mind and of those adolescents who do not have the expected advantages of home influence, school training, or religious teaching. . . . Legal censorship is not old, it is not popular, and it has failed to strengthen the private censor in each individual that has kept the race as decent as it has been for several thousand years. I regard legal censorship as an experiment of more than dubious value. . . . [Censorship] may be applied, as an exercise of police power, only where there is a reasonable and demonstrable cause to believe that a crime or misdemeanour has been committed or is about to be committed as the perceptible result of the publication and distribution of the writing in question: the opinion of anyone that a tendency thereto exists or that such a result is self-evident is insufficient and irrelevant. The causal connection between the book and the criminal behaviour must appear beyond a reasonable doubt. The criminal law is not, in my opinion, 'the *custos morum* of the King's subjects': it is only the custodian of the peace and good order that free men and women need for the shaping of their common destiny.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 C. H. GIBBS-SMITH

Law in Action

Sir,—As Mr. Robinson says in his letter (THE LISTENER, November 11), *Cooper v. Cooper* was reported after I had given my broadcast but it does not affect the general statements of law I made.

While it is true that the report of *Cooper v. Cooper* in *The Times* does not specifically state that the wife's health was injured by the husband's conduct of which she complained, that must have been so, as unless there had been injury to health the conduct could not have amounted to cruelty in law. This is so whether proceedings are taken in the High Court or before Magistrates.

The point of *Cooper v. Cooper* was whether the criminal assault on the child of the marriage could amount to cruelty against the wife. The assault directly affected the child and indirectly affected the wife. Where the conduct only indirectly affects the petitioner, the petitioner can normally only succeed if there is evidence that the conduct was committed with intent to injure the petitioner, but there is some conduct so grave that the Court will infer the intent to injure from the conduct itself. In such a case the Court does not require proof of actual intent to injure. The Court will only draw this inference from the conduct when it is sufficiently grave, which is a question of fact in each case. It declined to draw the inference in *Kaslefsky v. Kaslefsky* but in *Cooper v. Cooper* the Court considered that the husband must have known, had he thought about it at all, that his conduct would cause the wife distress and so the Court was able to infer the intent to injure from the conduct itself.

It is important not to try to carry *Cooper v. Cooper* too far. Mere bad treatment of children will not, in my view, amount to cruelty so far as the wife is concerned. It is only conduct indirectly affecting the wife, so that even assuming the ill treatment was conduct sufficiently

'grave and weighty' to amount to cruelty in law and even assuming the wife's health suffered she would not succeed in divorce proceedings unless she could prove an actual intent to injure her.

But in *Cooper v. Cooper* the conduct was so grave that the Court inferred an intent to injure the wife from the conduct itself.

A similar case of *Ivens v. Ivens* was reported in *The Times* of October 27. Here the husband's indecent assaults on his step-daughter were held to be cruelty to the wife. In the report of that case it was specifically stated that the wife's health was injured.—Yours etc.,

London, W.2

E. R. DEW

The Palace of Death

Sir,—Since my Third Programme broadcast on Emily Brontë's newly discovered essay, *The Palace of Death* (printed in THE LISTENER of November 11), a Lancashire listener has written to point out that there exists a poem by John Gay, 'The Court of Death' (No. xlvii in his *Fables*) which must surely have suggested the theme of it. Gay's fable is a cheerful piece of doggerel, quite different in tone from Emily Brontë's essay, and the servants from whom Death chooses his minister are not, as Emily Brontë represented them, abstract qualities (Ambition, Rage, Fanaticism, etc.) but eighteenth-century diseases—Fever, Gout, Pox, Stone, Consumption, and Plague. There is no mention of Civilisation, of which Emily Brontë took such a pessimistic view, but the minister finally chosen is the same—Intemperance.

'You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest
(Whom wary men as foes detest)
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemperance is esteemed a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And, as a courted guest, destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.'

There can, I think, be no doubt that Emily Brontë had Gay's verses in mind when she chose the subject for her essay for Monsieur Heger, expanding the cynical little allegory she remembered into a vehicle for her own philosophical ideas. Perhaps Gay's *Fables* was among the books which Mrs. Gaskell saw on either side of the fireplace in the parlour at Haworth?

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.15

MARGARET LANE

Sir,—Miss Margaret Lane, in her Third Programme talk on Emily Brontë's new-found French essay written in Brussels for M. Heger, gives us a further clue to the provenance of her subject by reference to Intemperance taking 'precedence above the other deadly sins'. In Caxton's translation of *Geoffroi de la Tour* (1483) appears this arresting statement: 'By this synne of glotonye men falle in alle the other size dedely synnes'. Therefore it may be that, although to brother Branwell she owed the incentive for the treatment of Death in this essay, it was to her fellow-countryman—who had resided in the Low Countries before her—that Emily Brontë owed the inspiration.

Yours, etc.,

FREDERICK G. RICHFORD

St. Leonards-on-Sea

The Artist as a Man of Action

Sir,—Of course, Mr. Graham Hough, in his excellent talk on Oscar Wilde (THE LISTENER, October 21), was perfectly right in stating that this author is valued, outside England, as 'one of the greatest literary figures after Shakespeare'—at any rate, as far as Germany is concerned. Moreover, he was equally right in mentioning, in the same connection, Byron and Elizabeth

Barrett Browning. The reasons for their popularity are of a different kind. Byron's fame derives mainly from the unique part he played in the life and works of Goethe; it is not so much his work (which is little known) but his romantic figure which attracts the German imagination. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's reputation is mainly due to the inspired translation of her sonnets by Rilke. Much as it may rouse Mr. Kenmare's indignation, the fact remains that neither Shelley, Keats, Milton, Browning, nor Wordsworth come anywhere near these in popular esteem.

Oscar Wilde, on the other hand, is, along with Shaw, no doubt the best-known modern English writer. Though his comedies are frequently played on the German stage, his true fame rests on his more serious works. *The Picture of Dorian Gray* has for the last fifty years been one of the most widely read novels in Germany (a dramatisation has just had a great success in several Austrian towns). 'Salome' was one of the first triumphs of Max Reinhardt in the early years of this century, even before it was turned into an opera by Richard Strauss. 'De Profundis' and 'A Ballad of Reading Gaol' have had innumerable editions to this day, and Wilde's fairy tales come second only to Grimm and Andersen in the German nurseries.

It would take more than a letter to expound the reasons for the high position Wilde holds with the German public. May I conclude, to illustrate his fame, with just one example. Shortly after the last war a German friend who had lost all his books, and whom I had offered to send any English book he fancied, asked me for the collected works of Oscar Wilde.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1.

H. F. GARTEN

Sir,—I refer to Mr. Dallas Kenmare's letter, in THE LISTENER of November 4, regarding a talk given by Mr. Graham Hough on 'The Artist as a Man of Action'.

As far as Germany is concerned I ought to say that Oscar Wilde has been taught, and I think still is being taught, in the lower classes of the High Schools (which resemble your Grammar Schools). His expressive and moving tales, such as 'The Happy Prince', etc., which are artistic and have a great depth, are read and discussed in English, whereas Shelley, Keats, or Milton, perhaps because of their more difficult language, are not taught—at least not in the lower classes. Thus, Oscar Wilde is widely known, and his popularity and the fact that he was chosen to be taught in schools may count for his rating in the public mind among the greatest English literary figures after Shakespeare. Whether he is considered as such in the literary world I could not say.

As for Elizabeth Barrett Browning, she became popular through Rainer Maria Rilke's translation of 'The Sonnets from the Portuguese' which are considered to be one of the greatest poems of love ever written in literature. She is regarded as a love-lyrist who can stand well beside such poets as Louise, Labé, etc.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

HILDE BRINKMANN

Sir,—As to the estimation of Wilde in Germany (apart from France and Italy), or more exactly in Austria: I took part in a performance of 'The Importance of Being Earnest' given by an English touring company in Vienna in 1929, and remember a lengthy argument with some Austrians afterwards, who contended very seriously that there were only three British dramatists worth considering, Shakespeare, Wilde, Shaw.—Yours, etc.,

Ash

R. H. WARD



Instead of 'clatter' it goes 'wumph'

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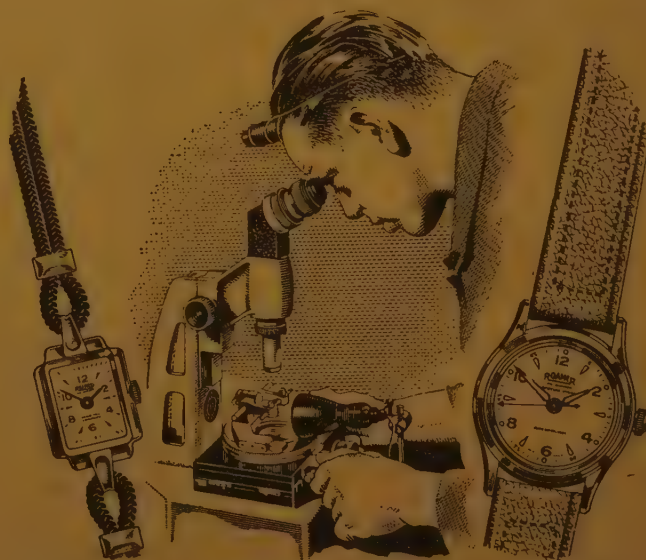
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'The Importance of Being Earnest'

Sir,—A correspondent in *THE LISTENER* of November 11 did not like the use of 'The Albany' in the 'missing' scene in 'The Importance of Being Earnest'. But there is some evidence that the sort of clubbable men who used the place did call it the Albany at least. Thus, writing about membership of the Garrick Club, a publisher asks *Pall Mall* Greenwood a favour and alludes to a 'Mr. William Stone of the Albany'. This was in October 1898. The reference may be found in the newly published *The House of Blackwood*, page 184. As for 'The Albany' as against 'the' Albany, your correspondent does not allow for the fact that Wilde was writing a play. Mr. Gribbsby, clearly an unpleasant man, who must have annoyed Jack by saying he was 'pleased to meet' him, uses an emphasised 'The Albany', which later Jack gets back at him with a sarcastic emphasis. He, so to speak, quotes Gribbsby. 'You mean now to say that you are not "Ernest Worthing, residing at B 4 The Albany" . . .'. In casual conversation Jack no doubt said 'the Albany', and on envelopes put just 'Albany'.

Playrights often get what for, because people read them as they would novels.—Yours, etc.,
Hutton MAX KENYON

Sir,—In a letter to George Ives that is in my possession and is published in *Seven Friends*, Oscar Wilde writes: 'I am charmed to see that you are at the Albany'; so that was how not only his characters in 'The Importance of Being Earnest' but he himself so incorrectly described that distinguished assemblage of flats. But surely he must have given even greater offence to 'the right people' by saying that the English gentleman hunting a fox is 'the unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable'. Wilde was not an acceptor of class shibboleths and taboos; he had much of the Irish rebel in him. He was not for nothing the son of 'Speranza'.
Hazelbury Bryan LOUIS WILKINSON

Sir,—I have three guides to London which I purchased at about the time of the first production of 'The Importance of Being Earnest', and all describe *The Albany* as *The Albany*.

No doubt Wilde by putting some emphasis on the article in his omitted scene was poking fun at the rather ridiculous little mutual admiration society that left it out. Who would be foolish enough to say I am going to Bank instead of to the Bank?—Yours, etc.,
Aldringham CECIL H. LAY

New Discoveries about the Gulf Stream

Sir,—Here, at the down-wind end of the North Atlantic—a weather shore if ever there was one . . . (THE LISTENER, November 4).

A down-wind shore on to which the wind blows is a 'lee' shore. The up-wind shore off which the wind is blowing—the safe shore for a sailing ship—is the weather shore.

Yours, etc.,
Chertsey JOHN GARLAND

A Fine Memorial Window

Sir,—While agreeing with everything Mr. Keith New and 'Stained-glass Worker' say in their letters of November 4 and 11, may I add that though some modern French stained glass reaches depths of crude vulgarity which we have in general so far escaped, the French do at least preserve their great cathedrals from the worst horrors of modern glass. Possibly the Beaux Arts exercise some informed restraint.

We, on the other hand, have allowed to pass without protest the recent placing in two of our most splendid cathedrals some completely incongruous glass which may be politely

described as badly coloured engineers' blue prints hung up to dry. I suspect it is not entirely a question of taste but partly also of cost, uncton at 5s. per square foot.

We may be certain that the old masters who produced the east window of Poitiers, the west lancets of Chartres, or the majestic single figures in the choir clerestory of Bourges were not tied down to a price, they also had the inestimable advantage of working with the designers of their contexts.

The only recent glass that I know of in a great French cathedral is M. Simon's three large lancets in Rheims cathedral which were unveiled last month. As decorations, having fine quality glass, beautiful colour proportion and harmony, and in other ways, they fit their matchless surroundings. They can be criticised on the grounds that the scale of the scenes is too small and that M. Simon has overcrowded his canvas. It is possible his patrons, the Guild of Champagne producers and merchants, insisted on all being included; they are, even down to the bubble maker! But, and this is the vital point, they do fit their context. To put banal photographic negatives of the twentieth century into a beautiful thirteenth- or fourteenth-century frame is not only folly but they spoil that frame for generations, until some merciful tumult blows them out.—Yours, etc.,
Kirdford G. H. KENYON

New Oxford History of Music

Sir,—It is refreshing to know that when your reviewer uses the word 'dishonesty' he means something quite different. However, I was not asking for an apology, but for evidence. Your reviewer mentions two 'important points'. The second of these I cannot understand; but as it has nothing whatever to do with the matter under discussion, that is of little importance.

The first point is concerned with the melody of Bernard de Ventadour's song about the lark. I am acquainted with nine versions of this melody. In five of them (including the one quoted in my chapter) repetition occurs; in the remaining four (including the Milan version cited by your reviewer) it is modified. It is difficult to see how any normal reader can possibly be misled by the version I have quoted. He is plainly informed that there are several other versions, and his attention is particularly directed, not to the repetition, but to the continuous growth of the melody. I am puzzled that your reviewer should regard the choice of this version as an 'error'. But perhaps he uses the word, like 'dishonesty', in a sense peculiar to himself.—Yours, etc.,
Oxford J. A. WESTRUP

'The Pot Geranium'

Sir,—I should be grateful if you would allow me to point out that Norman Nicholson's new book of poems, *The Pot Geranium*, which was reviewed in *THE LISTENER* of November 11, was a recommendation of the Poetry Book Society Limited and not the Poetry Society. The Poetry Book Society, which was set up earlier this year as a non-profit-distributing company, chooses four volumes of poetry a year for distribution to its members and also recommends a number of volumes. It hopes in this way to build up an important group of readers of the best English poetry being written today.—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.1 J. COMPTON
Chairman, The Poetry Book Society, Ltd.

The Tradition of Street Games

Sir,—In his talk (THE LISTENER, November 4), Mr. Beharrell says skipping with a long rope has died out. He may be interested to know

that it survives with great vigour in the Sussex village of Alciston where, every Good Friday, the people continue the ancient custom of skipping over the Downs and then, for hours on end, with long ropes, outside the village inn. Twenty or so adults skip over one rope and an even larger party of children over another. The custom used to be widespread in Sussex and so closely identified with Good Friday that that day was known as 'Long Rope Day'. Good Friday skipping also survived on Parkers Piece in Cambridge until two or three years ago.

—Yours, etc.,

Lewes

STANLEY GODMAN

Sir,—I am curious about the origin of the magic phrase 'I'm barley' which, with crossed fingers, confers safe immunity in the game of 'tig' mentioned in a talk on street games, part of which was printed in *THE LISTENER* of November 4.

In my Salford childhood we played 'ticky' and shouted, with a short 'a'—'I'm balluz'. The chaser would allow our appeal only for some very good reason, such as a broken shoe lace or lost hair slide. Here, in Cheshire, it is 'barley'.

Incidentally, during a stay in the North Riding I noticed that the children there do not yell 'Bags me first go' when they want the first turn in a game; it is always 'Fogs' and 'Foggy me first'.

My phonetic 'balluz' reminds me of an early essay about a disappearing fairy. 'She went into the wood and mizzled'. It mystified my southern teacher and I thought her rather limited not knowing such a common word. Even the dictionary people did not know it, either.

Yours, etc.,

* Marple

E. TINDALL

Germany and Austria

(continued from page 841)

German empire, which broke away and developed into independent states. In my view both analogies are false, and it is rather the essence of the Austrian problem that it does not correspond exactly to any other pattern. Unlike Switzerland and the Netherlands, which refused to acknowledge membership of the Reich, and had their independent status internationally recognised at the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, Austria, as we have seen, never felt itself in opposition to Germany or sought to free itself from German connections; and it is this lack of opposition—which, had it existed, might have served as a point of crystallisation for Austrian loyalties—that accounts for vacillations towards Germany in Austrian sentiment, thought, and policy, which would be unthinkable in the case of Holland or Switzerland.

If this vacillation is to be overcome, Austrians—still excluded from the United Nations—must be shown that they have an independent place and a useful function to perform in a valid international order, and that other peoples value their contribution sufficiently highly to fight—as they were not prepared to fight in 1938—to help them maintain their independence. In the long run, as many Austrians are aware, only an understanding between the Powers can safeguard Austria's position; left to its own devices it can hardly hope to hold out permanently against its more powerful neighbour. But another *Anschluss*, upsetting the whole balance of power in Europe, would be a disaster for us all; and if, through blindness to the danger inherent in a rearmcd Germany, the Powers allow it to take place, Austria will certainly not be the only victim.—*Third Programme*

Art

Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

LOVERS wishing to make a secret assignation would be well advised to meet in the privacy of the New Burlington Galleries, where the London Group is holding its annual exhibition. It is a deplorable thing that such advice can be given; it reflects much discredit upon the British public which really ought to pay more attention to so important an event. Art lovers, it would seem, are so cowardly that they dare not visit a gallery which must be reached by means of a lift. Or perhaps it is moral elevation that they fear? Do they suppose that the London Group, because it is so eminently honourable an institution, must be dull? Whatever their reasons for staying away may be, they must surely be bad. No one who takes an intelligent interest in modern painting can fail to be excited and stimulated by this exhibition; no one but a fool would miss so keen a pleasure.

Entering Gallery I, the critic knows at once that he is going to have to be very unfair; too much has to be omitted. The works of two young painters, Anthony Fry and Mr. de Grey, must be noticed. Each has a nude; the former's is an introspective, self-contained figure painted in cold mysterious colours, the latter's gazes outwards with arresting gravity. There is a grand, noisy, and rather carelessly drawn portrait by Matthew Smith, a serene and most beautifully painted still life by Duncan Grant, Ceri Richards' decorative, sensuous 'Homage to Beethoven', and a landscape, 'Merope', by that admirable artist Enslin Du Plessis; there is also an agreeable work by Barbara Hamlyn, and much else.

Enter Gallery II and you will be struck by one of the salient facts of modern painting, a tendency which exists among the younger painters of England and of France to use a small and sombre palette. For the younger realists reality wears a murky, an almost monochromatic, aspect, such as may be seen in Derrick Greaves' 'Sheffield on Sunday', a fine, boldly conceived, well-painted picture. Mr. Uglow's large nude and Jack Smith's enormous, tottering, slum-bound child have rather more colour but show the same healthy reluctance to indulge in pure, brilliant hues. Colour is indeed a thing that a painter may safely be left to discover after long and patient research within a limited field has made it appear at its true value. The same austere tendency may be observed among the paintings in the entrance lobby; these should on no account be missed, for here are two portraits, one by Patrick Symons of Tony Eyton, a most painterly and sensitive work, and the other of Miss June Griffith by Patrick George which is extremely truthful and well constructed. Here, too, is 'Snow in Knightsbridge' by Daphne Echallaz, and 'Hollywell Hill, St. Albans' by Peter Coate, both of which are well worth looking at.

Return, then, to Gallery II and notice the quiet audacity with which Harvey Sklair has painted 'Rooftops, Canet-Plage', and in the

same room a Matthew Smith much finer than the first, and another Duncan Grant, a remarkable portrait; look also at 'Willingham Corner' by Gordon Snee. There are pleasing abstracts by James Hull and Patrick Dolan. At the entrance to the corridor is a good landscape by Martina Thomas, and in the Small Room a fine painting of sheep by Frances Watt. There is much else besides to reward the visitor who, whatever else he may do, should not miss Elsie Few's small, delicate landscape, 'The Pond'; within the limits that she has set herself, this painter has achieved perfection.

This account of the London Group must be cruelly abridged, for

there are other exhibitions. A critic should, for instance, attempt to do justice to Frank Dobson, whose sculpture is being shown at the Leicester Galleries. These are recent works which will interest Mr. Dobson's many admirers in that they show a continuous and very interesting development, and in particular a growing interest in the formal and emotional relationships of grouped figures. This sculptor is extremely sensitive to the possibilities of his material; so much so that it seems to dictate his whole manner of working. It is, no doubt, a sound attitude but one which leads to an odd disparity in the final results. In marble he produces a nicely calculated arrangement of swelling contours which, from any point of view, will add up as neatly as a Giovanni Bologna. But the surface precision results in a simplicity



'Still Life', by Duncan Grant: from the London Group, at the New Burlington Galleries

which is almost lacking in character. In plaster, concrete, or terra-cotta, on the other hand, he shows the same large organising power but adds to it all the delicate qualities, the variety of surface and liveliness of movement, that the material can give. The big, concrete figure of a woman with a bowl (reproduced on the cover) is the most important and successful work in this exhibition; I think that it is very good indeed.

Anthony Gross, whose paintings are also at the Leicester Galleries, has a pleasing talent. When he seeks for that which is not pleasing, for the oddities and rugged angular tortuosities of nature, he is not entirely convincing; but when he lets the colours of nature float with tipsy gaiety out of incoherent space, adding, almost haphazard, a fine descriptive suggestion of a balustrade, a bus, or a girl, then he does what he does very well indeed.

The exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French art at the Lefevre Galleries is well worth visiting. Courbet's big white dog, 'Le Chien d'Ornans', is enough to make any exhibition. There is also a remarkable and rather ludicrous picture of Red Indians by Delacroix, an astonishing Renoir, and much else that is delightful. The Mayor Gallery is showing some excellent works by Buffet, a Venard of great beauty, and a Frederick Gore which appears to good advantage in fine company.

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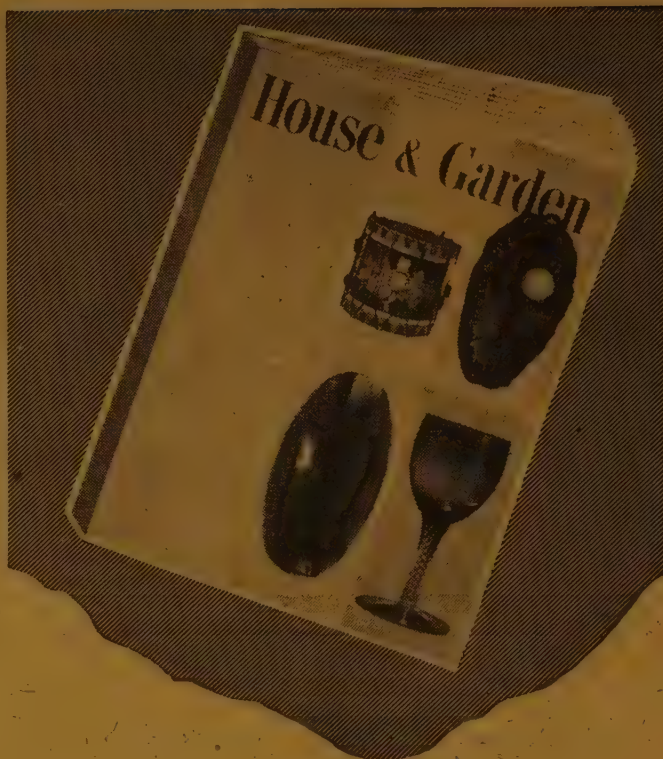
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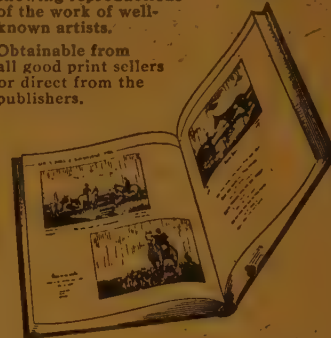
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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Memoirs of Dr. Eduard Benes

Translated by Godfrey Lias.

Allen and Unwin. 30s.

FOR SOMETHING LIKE thirty years Eduard Benes was one of the most important figures of European politics. First as quasi-permanent Foreign Minister of the Czechoslovak Republic, then as its President, he showed a quite extraordinary ability in so manipulating the international political machine that it largely revolved round himself. Everything that he wrote must therefore be of importance, and it is fortunate for history that throughout his life he regarded it as both a duty and a pleasure to inform the world of his activities.

The present volume should have been one of three dealing with his presidential career. It does not, however, give a continuous account, for Dr. Benes meant to give the Munich crisis a volume to itself. This would probably also have contained the more valuable of the material relating to his first presidential years, which are only roughly sketched in here. Nine tenths of this volume are devoted to the war years, during which the writer was spending all his great abilities and his tireless energies on the task of getting the Munich settlement reversed. Some of this story was, of course, known before, partly from public statements, partly from the reminiscences of Dr. Ripka and of Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, but Dr. Benes adds some valuable new material, part of it documentary.

There is also an account of his policy towards the Sudeten Germans, culminating in his decision to persuade the Allies to authorise the expulsion from Czechoslovakia of the great majority of these 3,000,000-odd people, as of the Magyar minority of Slovakia; of his negotiations with the Czech Communists; and of his negotiation of the Czechoslovak-Soviet Treaty. Throughout this volume Dr. Benes shows himself to have been a warm friend of the Soviet Union. He considers that 'the real world catastrophe' would have been if the west had concluded a separate peace with Germany, giving it a free hand against the U.S.S.R., and describes with obvious satisfaction his work to prevent this. While he took the precaution of getting inserted in the Czechoslovak-Soviet Treaty a clause providing that neither party should interfere in the internal affairs of the other, he never seems to have considered even the possibility that this promise would not be kept.

Hardly a line of this book is personal in the strict sense, but it nevertheless constitutes a remarkable self-portrait of its remarkable author. Every page reflects the qualities which enabled him, over and over again, to achieve the extraordinary results which history will attach to his name: his indomitable courage, his fabulous capacity for work, his persistence, his ingenuity, his persuasiveness, his single mind and single eye. It is notoriously easy to get things out of perspective when looking with one eye only, and some western readers of this book (which, it is well to remember, was originally written for a Czech public) may well feel that Dr. Benes did not always see their problems in the round. And when an eye is single, it is sometimes because the other eye is blind. It is hard not to feel that Dr. Benes' vision had some blind spots. Even those who agree, for example, that the forced eviction of millions of people is more humane and more democratic than the shifting of a frontier may wonder how he could suppose that the operation would contribute to 'final reconciliation and post-war co-operation' with

the other country concerned. But had he ever entertained doubts of this kind, he would not have been Benes.

Mr. Lias' translation is excellent. It is greatly to be hoped that he will be able to salvage the draft of the volume on Munich which, he tells us, Dr. Benes had got on paper.

Hide and Seek. By Xan Fielding.

Secker and Warburg. 15s.

Private Kelly. By Himself.

Evans. 12s. 6d.

In the twentieth century there is no refuge for the man who only wants to be left alone. When the vast human herds collide he is caught up willy-nilly and finds himself slaughtering, suffering, helplessly involved. The two books under review have this nightmare quality in common.

Mr. Fielding's first reaction to the war was to keep out of it. 'I was not afraid of fighting, but I was appalled by the prospect of the Army . . . it was not a battlefield I saw in my mind's eye but something which to me was far more horrid: an Officers' Mess'. After a few months on a deserted Aegean island, he was driven by frustration and indecision to join the Army. As soon as possible he transferred to Intelligence and went to Crete as a secret agent. It seemed a chance to fight without becoming a prisoner of the military life. The Cretan mountaineers, without any thought of world issues, were waging a private war for their own personal liberty, into which an English individualist could throw himself whole-heartedly. Action, he learned, had its own satisfactions. It was intoxicating to be hunter and quarry at the same time. He writes of the partisan's life in a quiet, unornamented way, conveying with charm its humours and excitements and occasionally, with great force, its horrors. The time came when the compulsions of war awoke him from his Byronic dream. He was trapped, after all. A young German deserter had given himself up to the partisans, and it was Fielding's task to kill him. The murder of this trusting, homesick boy was a hideous affair, and—invariably—was bungled. When the liberation came, for which things like this had been done, Fielding was disillusioned. Where was the liberty for which he had been fighting? ' . . . Nowhere did the result of victory appear to justify the effort involved in attaining it'.

Xan Fielding, the classical scholar, is able to understand what happened to him. Frank Kelly, the odd-job man from Lewisham, writes as a victim pure and simple, still bewildered by all that was done to his life in nine appalling years. He grew up in a working-class environment, going without aim from one blind-alley job to another. He was 'restless and shiftless . . . I had never taken any responsibility and didn't want to . . . When the war broke out I didn't feel it was any particular business of mine'. He joined the medical corps because he liked looking after people, and he transferred to the parachutists for a change. 'This was how I had imagined life to be—no responsibility, no worry about money or clothes, or anything at all'.

But he, too, was trapped. One day he was dropped out of an aeroplane and landed in a field, which he learned was at a place called Arnheim. For several days he and his comrades wandered about in a mysterious countryside that was lashed by bullets. 'The officer always seemed to know where we were going . . . I hadn't a clue'. War, as he saw it, was groups of men

wandering about in the fields as if they were lost, dead men at the roadsides and men coming with wounds to be dressed. As a prisoner-of-war, he kept to himself. 'I hated not going my own way, having inspections and all the rest of it'. When he was released by the Russians in April, 1945, he could not bear to report back to the British authorities. Would it not mean more parades and inspections and barrack huts? He wandered off into the Russian zone, found a girl, and lived without papers, happy at last to be left alone by Authority; until the Russian secret police arrested him as a suspected American spy.

He was sentenced to ten years and served eight of them in a Soviet prison. He made the only close friend of his life, a blind German whom he cared for tenderly and protected fiercely. He formed a humble attachment to two men of culture, dignity, and spiritual strength with whom it was his astonishing fate to share a cell, the Prime Minister and Archbishop of Lithuania. One day in 1953 the Russians put him on a train. He thought he was going to Siberia, or to his death. In Berlin they handed him over to the British. He weighed seven stone and he crouched in a bath-chair, whimpering, while men crowded round him with cameras and the flash-bulbs popped. And then he was home again, ' . . . a bigger misfit than when I was born. I don't even belong where I was born any more . . . And I don't belong anywhere else'.

From the Danube to the Yalu

By Mark W. Clark. Harrap. 21s.

General Clark has written this book in the hope of dispelling misconceptions about the conduct of the Korean war which he was shocked to find so widespread in the United States on his return from service in Japan. But though interesting and ably put together, the book adds little to the facts that could have been acquired from a close reading of the better British newspapers, let alone of *The New York Times*, and it is therefore difficult to believe that these misconceptions were based, at least in informed circles, on incomplete knowledge of what had happened. What General Clark really sets out to do is to challenge those whose interpretation of the facts in Korea had differed from his own. And since he inevitably does so after the event, so far as Korea is concerned, his main purpose is presumably to persuade the United States and her allies to adopt in the future the lessons that can be drawn from his interpretation, rather than those that are being drawn by those with whom he disagreed.

His interpretation of the facts, as was only to be expected, is no more novel than the facts themselves; and it is not altogether convincing. He does not argue that the stalemate in Korea should have been ended by making war on China and Russia; only that a better truce would have been obtained more quickly 'if we had got tougher faster'. But this was argued *ad nauseam* while the Korean war was in progress. And General Clark does not now prove—for it cannot be proved—what those earlier arguments failed to establish, that the measures he advocated in Korea, including the use of Chinese Nationalist troops and the use of the atomic bomb, could have been adopted without leading to a general war.

There can be few who have not already heard, as well, of his propositions for the future, and few, at least in this country, who will be persuaded that they should be blindly followed. He insists, first, that experience has shown that



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Communist Powers respect only force, but argues, secondly, that firmness will keep them in order without running the risk of war. Even if the first of these assumptions were fully accepted, however, uncertainty must continue to surround the second, as it surrounded it throughout the Korean war. It is thus much easier to assert than to translate into practical policies; and General Clark does nothing to show us how the translation might be made. As for the first proposition, it would be just as easy to argue that the reduction in world tension since the end of the war in Korea has been due to the increased confidence acquired by the Communist Powers, as noted by General Clark himself, from the failure of the United Nations to win an outright victory there. Nor would General Clark adhere to his own conclusion so emphatically, to the exclusion of all consideration for this alternative view, if he had not begun by sharing the one misconception common to most Americans until it was finally shattered by the outbreak of the Korean war. 'I began dealing with the Russians', he tells us, 'confident that I would be able to get along with them, even though others failed'. The greatest danger of recent years has been that this illusion, when dissipated, would be replaced by its opposite extreme, by a belligerent attitude that is as different from firmness as chalk is from cheese. And the greatest tribute that one can pay to the American Government is that it has not yet succumbed to the danger and not yet allowed its policies to be influenced by those like General Clark, and others more extreme, who have been unable to rise above it.

The Memoirs of Aga Khan.

Cassell. 21s.

Misconceptions exist about the Aga Khan; understandably so, for he is an anomalous and many-sided figure. To the popular eye in western countries he appears simply as a fabulously rich oriental potentate, affable and well-meaning, who spends most of his time on the French Riviera, has married a sequence of elegant European wives, owned startlingly many Derby winners; and on his infrequent returns to the east is wont to get his seventeen-stone bulk spectacularly weighed against gold or diamonds or platinum.

Though far from complete, this view is less erroneous than one held among the intelligentsia and the straitlaced, many of whom apparently are aware of nothing beyond his (or his elder son's) racing and divorces. They assume him to be a mere *bon viveur*, or bumbling international busybody, who would never have got anywhere but for the good fortune of exalted birth. There are misconceptions, too, about the nature of that good fortune. Because officially 'His Highness', he has often been considered an Indian Prince, in the sense (before the British Raj ended) of a territorial ruler, which he never was—though evidently in the nineteen-thirties he had a good try. The hereditary sway to which he acceded in 1885 when aged eight was spiritual, not temporal; and not numerically very big either. The notion that he ranks, of right, as one of the Muslim world's outstanding leaders is quite incorrect. Most Muslims regard the (Shi'ite) sub-sect of the Shi'as, of which he is Imam or head, as gravely heterodox. And though his followers throughout Asia and Africa are wealthy and well-knit, they are believed to number not much more than 15,000,000.

Nevertheless, he is undeniably a very important person, and a very sociable one, who for nearly six decades has met almost everybody in Europe and the east who (in the hackneyed sense) 'matters'. The reminiscences of such a man, covering such an exceptional span of years and people, could hardly fail to contain items of

interest. Nor, in fact, do they. But the present volume's contents are of very uneven merit. Turning over its celebrity-studded pages, amiably platitudinous often, historically illuminating sometimes, amusing sometimes, and sometimes of a banality hard to bear ('As I myself said later to Lord Halifax when he was Foreign Secretary, "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear"'), the conclusion that emerges is inescapable: disproportionately much of the long, zestful life described has been spent in Europe, and not enough in Asia, where its true roots lay.

About the former continent's affairs the Aga Khan seldom has much of lasting value to record, even when explaining with sincerity his views on great events such as the Munich 'settlement'—which he approved of—or his by no means insignificant Presidentship of the League of Nations in 1937. About Asia, on the other hand, his comments deserve close attention nearly always, and his practical achievements out there over the years have been substantial—including, for instance, a big part in the founding of the Aligarh Muslim University, long tenure from 1906 of the Muslim League Presidentship, successful efforts to dissuade Indian Muslims from supporting Turkey during the first world war, and chairmanship of the Muslim Delegation chosen to attend the Round Table Conference in 1930. And his remarkable chapter 'The Islamic Concept and My Role as Imam' shows that, in fact, the religious aspect of his character has genuine profundity. His modernism is in part but a healthy reaction against the bigotry of a teacher appointed in his boyhood by his mother.

He expresses great admiration for Jinnah, likening him to Bismarck (elsewhere also to Mussolini); and he holds the interesting view—which evidence from other sources tends to support—that as late as 1946 the creator of Pakistan had no clear idea how his aim would be attained, or what shape his creation might take. Though in general polite towards the new India—which he often terms 'Bharat'—his preference for the smaller of the two successor-states to the British Raj is barely concealed; and that Partition in 1947 became necessary at all he ascribes without qualification, in a series of striking passages to the Congress Party's intransigent folly in never, since 1928, recognising the reasonableness of the Muslim case. With some asperity he exhorts India now to sweeten her relations with her neighbour.

Glimpses are here and there afforded, but tantalisingly not much more, of what is doubtless the Aga Khan's most solid achievement: the effective organisation for mutual benefit of the widely scattered and sometimes ostracised or persecuted Ismaili community. Spread all around the shores of the Indian Ocean from Madagascar to Indonesia, and with offshoots far into the central Asian plateaux, it constitutes what has been called the world's best-run Welfare State.

The book has been competently proof-read. The index is good; and the foreword by Mr. Somerset Maugham gracious and adroit. But the twenty-seven photographs, all portraying the author, are surely excessive; and one of them (facing page 175) seems, in relation to the letterpress, infelicitously placed.

A History of Courting

By E. S. Turner. Michael Joseph. 15s.

The current year has seen a spate of volumes dealing with the historical variations in approved sexual mores by authors who are neither professional historians nor professional sexologists: G. Rattray Taylor's *Sex in History*, J. Langdon Davies' *Sex, Sin and Sanctity*, and now E. S. Turner's *History of Courting*. Of the three, Mr. Turner's is the best, because it is the least

pretentious, and also because Mr. Turner is much the most polished writer; readers of *Boys Will Be Boys* and his other studies of recent popular art and activities will find once again the elegance and wit which make nearly everything he writes a pleasure to read.

In most societies where the major valuable is privately owned land, marriage tends to be a social contract based on the calculations of the parental land-owners, rather than the personal preferences of future spouses; where any social recognition is given to 'falling in love', it is likely to be a stylised acceptance of adultery. As the importance of land ownership decreases, matrimonial alliances become of less urgent importance to the parental generation and personal preference is given greater value. In England this change took place round the end of the eighteenth century, as is witnessed by the rise of romanticism. By the nineteenth century, marriage for any reason except personal preference tended to be reprobated; 'falling in love', which, in many societies, is a relatively rare experience, was demanded, or expected, from every engaged couple. This presented the social dilemma of how to give young persons the opportunity of knowing one another well enough to 'fall in love', without risking the loss of the girl's virginity, which was deplored by religion and society alike; and Mr. Turner entertainingly explores the varied situations which at different periods were considered proper or *risqué*. The decline in supervision has been continuous over the last hundred and fifty years, till today the clock is nearly the only mentor; a girl's reputation may be jeopardised by the hour at which she returns to the parental home, but scarcely by the company she keeps in the earlier evening.

Most of Mr. Turner's judgements are sensible, but he apparently falls into the vulgar error of thinking of Jane Austen as a Victorian writer, rather than as an eighteenth-century lady. 'Although one is loth', he writes, 'to suggest any more books about Jane Austen, there is perhaps room for a last thesis entitled "Who told Jane Austen's heroines [the facts of life]?"' This thesis, one is thankful to say, does not need to be written: all the heroines were country girls, and nobody growing up near a farm can be ignorant, though she may be innocent. Female ignorance is a prerogative of town-dwellers.

A Vision of Beasts and Gods

By George Barker. Faber. 9s. 6d.

'At his worst', says the notably cagey blurb, 'Mr. Barker might be imitated; at his best, he is both inimitable and wholly different from any poet of our time of equal rank'. And what rank might that be?

Rose I this morning for the first day of Spring
And saw was gone

The poor white litter of the bareboned king
Not from the mind alone

But lifted that cold law from everything . . .

How many living poets can write as well as that? Yet the excellent and moving poem whose opening lines they are—'Consolatory Verses for the Middle Years'—is not by some way the finest thing to be found in *A Vision of Beasts and Gods*. The competition is stiff. With this book as its second choice, coming after Mr. Watkins' *The Death Bell*, the Poetry Book Society has certainly got off to a good start. One may feel that the two choices must have been virtually automatic; yet in Mr. Barker's case, perhaps, some tribute to the selectors' discrimination, or at least to their good sense, is due.

For his work still seems to be regarded as something of an embarrassing intrusion into the orderly literary landscape. He has become

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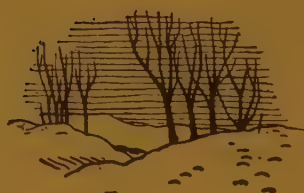
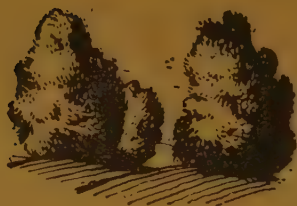
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'typed' as an *uneven* poet. This, of course, implies not a gentle undulation of fair and poor but a switchback of excellent and shocking. Riding a switchback (to which somebody once likened reading Mr. Barker) is exhilarating; so, for Mr. Barker, is poetry. In his exemplary single-minded devotion to Dionysian poetry he has inevitably, and not infrequently, crashed. Though rarely, he still does, or at least goes into rather an alarming dive. But he can certainly soar—higher, one might say, than all but a very, very few poets now writing. He believes in the greatness of poetry (a quality scarcely accounted for in modern critical categories) and in the mysteriousness of its greatness. And his own practice shows that he knows what he is talking about:

There is that whispering gallery where
A dark population of the air
Gives back to us those vocables
We dare not robe in syllables:

I speak of the whispering gallery
Of all Dionysian poetry
Within whose precincts I have heard
An apotheosis of the word

As down those echoing corridors
The Logos rode on a white horse;
Till every No that sense could express
Turned to a transcendental Yes. . . .

When it first appeared, in *THE LISTENER*, 'Letter to a Young Poet' looked, sounded, *felt* like a great poem; re-reading it here, it still does.

There is little or nothing of Mr. Barker's worst in this new book; his publisher need not have been nervous. And his best is better than ever. His idiom is now surely controlled and modulated to a range of matter. It is exciting to see so much variety of excellence—from major pieces such as the long morality in dialogue 'Goodman Jackson and the Angel' (which requires a review by itself) and the splendid 'Channel Crossing', to what are in the strict sense occasional poems: 'On a Friend's Escape from Drowning', 'Epitaph for Many Young Men', and the verses on Dylan Thomas. It is no longer admissible to speak of his inequalities. Yet he is still reproved and patronised on that account, as if those critics who seem to find him such a disturbing handful would rather have a placid dead-level of competence than the work of a poet whose vision and eloquence would be remarkable in any age, let alone in this.

But over the known world of things
The great poem folds its wings
And from a bloody breast will give
Even to those who disbelieve.

Berlioz: New Letters. Translated, with introduction and notes, by Jacques Barzun. Oxford. 36s.

As most people know, Hector Berlioz was a brilliant journalist as well as a great composer. Whether he was a 'good' critic is debatable, but he was sometimes a most amusing and always a very readable one. It is astonishing, therefore, that the letters of such a lively prose-writer have never been properly collected. As Professor Barzun points out:

the correspondence . . . has never been published in its entirety. It is scattered among a dozen volumes, of which only three are consecutive. Four others have never appeared in France. And the present collection will show to what extent unpublished letters have been neglected. Nor is this all. If one wants to gauge the scope of this correspondence and fill in the gaps left in the printed books, one must seek out some thirty periodicals in several languages and find there, by twos and threes, less often by tens and twelves, additional letters which together come to more than one hundred and fifty.

And many of the published letters have been garbled or wildly misdated.

Instead of setting about the complete edition of Berlioz' letters, which he is admirably qualified to undertake, Professor Barzun has been content to give us in this volume a collection of a mere hundred letters—original texts and translations on facing pages—which he has printed either from the autographs or from obscure published sources. It is a useful collection but, on the whole, a disappointing one. Perhaps the fault is Berlioz' own; like other men who write for a living, he wrote better for the public than for the private eye. But between the official applications and the business letters there are occasional flashes of true Berliozian sarcasm—and two passages (from 1862 and 1863) of heart-rending sadness. Let us quote the original text:

Quand j'écrivis cela [the *Te Deum*], j'avais la foi et l'espérance; aujourd'hui il ne me reste pas d'autre vertu que la résignation.

And five months later:

Les douleurs physiques et morales ne me laissent presque pas de trêve; j'ai dit adieu aux illusions musicales, je ne fais plus rien. Je me suis arrangé de manière à pouvoir dire à toute heure à la mort: Quand tu voudras!

Professor Barzun's annotations are generally most helpful and his translation would be excellent if it were not for the anachronistic Americanisms: 'I'll stop by at your house around ten o'clock', 'if some choosy amateur complains', 'he is quite right to go it alone', 'the concert was a looping success'. And there are some real errors: 'Bas-Rhin' is not 'Rhine-land', a *curé* is not a curate, and *La présentation des drapeaux* in church is something very different from 'the Trooping of the Color'.

Japan's New Order in East Asia. Its Rise and Fall. 1937-45. By F. C. Jones. Oxford. 36s.

This scholarly history of Japan's attempt to establish her dominion over the Far East makes a valuable contribution to our understanding of one of the most extraordinary periods in international politics. Dr. Jones has based his study upon the documents of the International Military Tribunal for the Far East and upon much other original material, although unfortunately no Foreign Office archives are as yet available for the period since 1939. Soberly and with a careful eye on his authorities, he takes us, step by step, through the antecedents of the Sino-Japanese conflict of 1937, with illuminating references to the internal political situation in both China and Japan, the immediate causes of the conflict, the relations of Japan with the Western Powers in the years between 1937 and the outbreak of the Pacific War, the train of events that led Japan to challenge the United States and Britain, the policy of Japan in the territories occupied by her during her period of success, and finally the circumstances of her defeat and surrender. It is a tribute to the author's skill as an expositor that, in spite of the mass of detail that he puts before us, the outline of the developing catastrophe is firm and clear.

This book should certainly dispel the notion that Japan's political activities in the period between 1931 and 1945 were the result of the carefully planned schemes of ruthless, far-sighted, and evil statesmen and military chiefs. On the contrary, the reputed leaders seem to have been mere opportunists at the mercy of forces which they had half-consciously unleashed. And the dismal and tedious political transactions which ultimately produced, for east and west alike, a succession of hardly paralleled disasters derived mainly from the political incapacity of statesmen in all the coun-

tries with Far Eastern interests. Thus, in the early days of the Sino-Japanese conflict of 1937, when the moderates in Japan might have been able to check the spread of hostilities, and when the Chinese Government might have been ready for compromise in a war which they knew that they could not win, a settlement was made impossible by the façade of 'collective action' with which the Western Powers were trying to cover their unwillingness to intervene effectively in the struggle. The Chinese were encouraged to hope for western intervention and so were reluctant to make concessions, while the Japanese purpose was hardened by western barks which, it soon became evident, were not to be followed by bites.

Similarly, Dr. Jones implies that the Pacific War might possibly have been avoided if American policy had not been caught in a moral attitude from which it could not unbend, if British diplomacy had not been shackled by the belief that Japan would give way before 'a stern and unyielding front', and if the Japanese political leaders had been stronger and more decisive characters. But he also shows that any settlement based upon the application of *realpolitik* to the Far Eastern situation would have left a large part of China under the political and economic domination of Japan and that no American Government could have affronted popular sentiment by sponsoring a peace on those terms. The ultimate outcome was, of course, still more unwelcome to the Western Powers and Japan alike—the destruction of their eastern empires and the surrender of China to communism. As Dr. Jones says: ' . . . had all the Powers concerned been consciously working to promote the triumph of communism in the region, they could hardly have been more successful in largely achieving this result'. And the chief contributor to the victory of communism in China and to the menace of communism elsewhere in the Far East was none other than Japan herself.

To Hidden Depths. By Captain Philippe Tailliez. Kimber. 16s.

The development of 'frog-man' diving and underwater exploration by skin divers has made great strides during the last twelve years or so on the Mediterranean coast of France. Captain Tailliez, who is the commander of the Undersea Research Group of the French Navy, gives a most interesting account of the evolution of his methods and of the investigations made by his team both in home waters and as far afield as the China Seas.

This book gives an account of making underwater films of sea-life, hunting for wrecks, cave exploring, and of the deep sea bathyscape. The latter is a pressure-resisting globular chamber with port-holes and breathing apparatus, made buoyant by being attached to a large container filled with petrol, which is lighter than water. The machine works much as does a balloon in the air, and can be made to ascend and descend freely by letting out ballast or petrol; in diving there is no rope or other connection with the surface. Strong flood lights illuminate the depths when the apparatus goes beyond the limit of penetration of light. In this contraption a depth of 13,287 feet was reached off the coast of Dakar; two human passengers travelled in it and returned safely to the surface.

Captain Tailliez gives a lively account of his adventures and of all the strange things that he and his companion saw under the sea. He is excellent when he sticks to what he has seen, but when he comes to talk about the zoological side of natural history he gets badly out of his depth; the stuff on page 119 about dolphins, for example, is complete nonsense—or perhaps he has been unfortunate in his translator.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Lush Diffuseness

IF TELEVISION'S coming alternative programmes are planned on the assumption that the majority of viewers want excitement, what will the B.B.C. do about it? The question cannot be written off as rhetorical. The aerials are rising fast on the council estate roofs and above the little streets, where we know that hearts are just as pure and fair, etc., but where also there are cravings for more life of the kind accessible to the story characters of the women's magazines. Commercial television will presumably address itself to that maximum audience.

The effect on B.B.C. television may be to force it into a Third Programme relationship with the rival services. Such a possibility must increasingly tax the thinking at Television Centre. In discussing it we may pertinently recall the fate of the literary journal, *John O' London's Weekly*, which recently disappeared after thirty years on the book-stalls. There was a certain amount of healthy clamour on that occasion and those who raised it were not to know that the publishing firm of Newnes had lost £50,000 in keeping the paper alive during its last decade or so. The fact is worth noting, though the vitality of a publication does not rest on finance alone. In the face of cultural attrition, the B.B.C. may prove to be a last effective bulwark.

B.B.C. television in particular could help to arrest the disintegrating processes, though not by the present dilettante policy which tries to attract most of the viewers all the time. Last week's programmes provided a good example of its lush diffuseness. We saw the cave pictures of palaeolithic man, while the frustrations of twentieth-century adolescence were illustrated in 'Teleclub'. The Bishop of Croydon called us to remembrance of the war dead and Professor Rotblat gave us an insight into the new atomic possibilities. There was 'War in the Air' and the Lord Mayor's banquet; 'Find the Link' with its exhibit A of two broken-necked men, and the artist Mervyn Levy exhorting the women viewers of 'Quite Contrary' to cold-shoulder Dior. Listed like that, a week's television accomplishment sharpens the point of the remark by a forgotten critic who said that

'England is the paradise of the half-baked'.

Now is the time for a thorough-going enquiry into television as a social force. It would be beyond the scope of a single 'Special Enquiry' programme. There should be a planned television campaign, its object the encouragement of a keener discrimination among viewers. It would show us, for example, the bad and the good of American television. It would pay heed to the conflicting voices of Plato and Isocrates. Even if viewers did not profoundly benefit, the B.B.C. itself would gain in authority at a time when powerful new forces are rising up to challenge it. The idea, I suggest, will have high relevance in the months ahead.



'Get Out and Get Under', a programme about veteran cars on November 13, the eve of the annual London to Brighton run: Ken Wharton and Raymond Baxter in the Danish Hamel car built in Copenhagen in 1886

Leaving out the film actor's slightly sickening exhibition of himself in 'In Town Tonight', last week's television *chef d'oeuvre* for many viewers was no doubt the first of the 'War in the Air' film series which is to depict the growth of air power and its world effects during the past twenty years. This opening programme switched us back to the pre-1939 tensions in Europe, when Lord Rothermere, not mentioned, launched his crusade for 5,000 front-line machines and

put up the cash for the prototype bomber which had vital strategic significance when the war came. Our attention was bid for in the bold resounding style of the American 'Victory at Sea' series of two years ago, achieving it by the same wealth of dramatic movement and imperious visual appeal. As a production, it was a smart new feather in the cap of the B.B.C. Television Film Unit.

I am left speculating about the wisdom of such an undertaking at this time when nations are speaking unto nations with what seems to be a fuller sense of responsibility to the future. The lull may be deceptive, the peace may be broken, the atomic artillery may yet reverberate through the heavens. I have wondered why television, that marvellous twentieth-century instrument of communication, should be used for fighting old battles, reopening old wounds, beguiling us with past glories. Of all the mechanisms of man's genius, it seems to be imperatively designed for looking forward, not backward, to provide a medium of expression for the quickened reflexes of the new generations who are breaking through the sound barrier into worlds of unimagined experience. B.B.C. television should be sending a poet up with Neville Duke and giving us his impressions. It has no business, that I can see, with telling off-told tales.

A glimpse of what may be its true role was given us in the American atomic-energy film the other night, 'Three Two One—Zero!' in which we saw into the maze of research and development through which man may yet find his way out on to the sunny uplands of a contemporary statesman's dream. Those parts of the film showing the potential good of atomic power were movingly impressive, in spite of an infuriatingly pompous musical sound-track.

Forsaking the solemn survey, I must in fairness report that I appreciated the Bishop of Croydon's warm sincerity of utterance and that I enjoyed the 'Buried Treasure' programme on the cave drawings, the film about Hampshire for which John Arlott spoke an unusually well-composed commentary, the pageantry at Guildhall, the Paris horse show jumping, the international football, and last Saturday's look at the 'old crocks' of motoring history. 'Viewfinder' on Germany had good things in it but I thought the total result disappointing.

REGINALD POUND



As seen by the viewer: 'Buried Treasure—6. The Dawn of Art', on November 8—the Abbé Breuil making reproductions of cave paintings; and (right) engraving of a mammoth from the cave at La Mouthe, France

Two shots from the first of the B.B.C. television films, 'War in the Air', on November 8: Neville Chamberlain's return from Munich, and (right) German troops goose-stepping into Poland

Photographs: John Curs

DRAMA

Gracious Living

GRACIOUS LIVING—we may not have much of it ourselves but, gracious me, what a lot of it we see on our screens! Of course there is some roughing it now and again; on Remembrance Sunday, you may recall, Derek Aylward was last seen rolling up his sleeves with a view to tackling the washing up. And an imp within me couldn't resist pointing out that *that* was the moment when an enterprising firm of advertisers would have had him lift into view a detergent prominently labelled 'Scrubbo'.

With the advent of commercial television we shall see a lot more housework, I dare say. Now, who did the 'rough' in the Mannings' house this Sunday? Not, I think, Elsie, for if she were on duty, why should Mrs. Manning have had to call on her late at night to see how she was taking her bereavement? Someone else, then? But not someone respectable enough to open the front door. A lovely door: the exterior of the house was as gracious as could be. But inside, oh my! No light in the 'littlest room'! Do they call *that* gracious? And the bed ends bang up against the wallpaper, which was so studded with pictures you'd have had one down on your napper every time you sneezed in bed! And then all them dark passages . . . the poor husband was in the dark in more ways than one. Called on by the cops, the master of the house emerged from what looked like an unlighted boot hole. And then, no meals either, apparently: just a lot of gin drinking.

It was gin, as so often, which started the rot. If Jill hadn't lied about those two bottles of gin she said she and the Hon. Bill had been out fetching, she might have found it easier not to sink so deep into fabrication. But then there would have been no play either.

Nigel Balchin's novel does not make a satisfactory play, only a satisfactory first act; and Ronald Millar's dramatic skill begins to falter before the end. When Gillian has paid for her lies and is talking about herself in the *café* run by Flo (Kathleen Boutall) our attention has strayed. When she says she is wearing gloves to conceal her prison manicure, and when Flo plumps down the cup that cheers the released convict, we were again catching ourselves saying: 'Ah, that's the cue for the "commercial"'. At the end Gillian goes off to find out what sort of a person she is. I trust she was successful; and did not reach too depressing a finding. She had so little to go on. If only she could cook. Or dust, or read even. Perhaps a 'telly' in the corner of that uncomfortable 'lounge'?

As may be gathered, I was not entirely overwhelmed by Alvin Rakoff's production of this play, which went a hundred times more forcibly on the stage of the St. James's Theatre. There were good points but I suspect there were difficulties which will have been ironed out by tonight. For one thing, there were far too many noises off. How can we concentrate on the sorrows of Gilly and Jim, during that show-down in the wee small hours of the stilly night with the moonlight streaming in at the windows, if the background is filled with bumps, thuds, muffled curses, squeaks, rumblings, and buzzings? (For a while I thought the Hon. Bill must have got locked



Claire Bloom and Michael Hordern in 'Poetry and Music' on November 14

into that unlighted bathroom.) This scene is the crisis of the play, and though the cameras were pretty effectively used they did not quite give as much help as—one guessed—they had meant to. Anne Crawford, I thought, missed some of the anguish of the first act—after all, to be a hit-and-run driver, with adultery and a dead man on your conscience, might unnerve even the most gracious lady motorist, and somehow Gillian's nervous tension did not come over.

But the night scene with her husband was well done. As the husband, too, Patrick Barr seemed convincing enough, though not perhaps enough 'winded' by the revelations his public-spirited enquiries had brought out. But where his wife told him that she had always been frightened of him, he looked touchingly doggy. Why frightened of him, you may ask, when she was quite willing to go out on the gin with the Hon. Bill, to whom Michael Denison gave a wonderfully suave villainy? Now he *was* sinister. The best acting came from Thomas Heathcote as the constable on the scent and from Anna Turner as the widowed Elsie. I think they played

in the original stage production, which may explain their assurance; but they have good television faces.

Far the oddest programme of the week showed Michael Hordern reading Wordsworth to Claire Bloom, who sat perched on a chair-arm, listening. Listening! Every few minutes she was up and taking a walk round the place fingering books and longing to start in 'making sweet moan' with Keats. Let either of them stop for a second and Miss Kyla Greenbaum would be off on a morceau of Schumann.

There's gracious living for you. Have the authors of this well-meant absurdity never stopped to think that the way to combine poems and Schumann is to sing his songs—and not wander about the room?

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Keeping It up

WELL, WE HAVE HAD 'Emily Butter' (Third). Some of us must hope now that, having disposed of this, Henry Reed will get back to his original trail. It all began, we remember, when an anxious mole of a biographer, burrowing for the facts beneath the life of the 'poets' novelist', Richard Shewin, found himself in the midst of a literary and artistic 'Alice', a jabberwocky-world with creatures to match. Two programmes—a second was on the massive 'composeress', Hilda Tablet—prickled with wit. The path was clear for Mr. Reed to reach a full-length study of the human gorse-bush, Stephen Shewin. Instead, he has remained with Hilda and attended the *première* of 'Emily' at Covent Garden. True, it had sounded promising. Was not this to be the department-store opera that had replaced something set in the sixteenth century on board a boat off Rimini? Hilda proposed to 'enshrine in a single work the whole of English womanhood'.

We began with a useful parody of a preliminary talk on the 'Third'. Here Deryck Guyler, as an eminent critic, produced a charming syrupy squeak; behind it one could imagine some gentle, bearded expert standing on tip-toe. We grew eager for the passage in Act Seven

when Emily would get herself locked in the lift. So to the 'beloved old opera house' where timid Mr. Reeve (Hugh Burden), in a voice that at any moment might have flickered round a corner like a mouse's tail, was our commentator, with some highly professional aid. We were not surprised to hear that an Italian singer had flown over from Milan at short notice. We joined in 'affectionate laughter' when Sir Edmund Hillary climbed the boxes to restore a dropped programme to the little Marquis. But it was hard to feel 'relaxed and happy' when the curtain rose. Mr. Reed's wit seemed to be fainting; we had to get what cheer we could from the free-for-all of the opera. Moments gleamed. Thus the superbly abundant visitor from Milan, singing in Italian, sailed on in a green-and-silver evening gown not wholly suited to the role of a chief cashier; the opening and closing of the lift gates were 'delicately underlined' by crashes on the harpsichord; and Marjorie



Scene from 'Waiting for Gillian' on November 14; with (left to right) Michael Denison as the Hon. William Stephen Fitzharding Bule, Anne Crawford as Jill Manning, Patrick Barr as James Manning, Anna Turner as Elsie Pearce, and Thomas Heathcote as P.C. Cater

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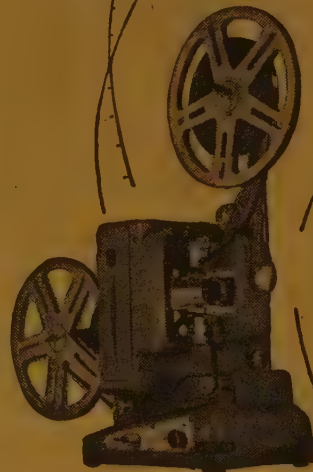
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Westbury sang with immense feeling the line, 'It was the trolley-bus from Golders Green again'.

Still, it dragged. There was too much of 'Emily' (score realised by Donald Swann) and too little of Hilda ('I'm a country girl'); Mary O'Farrell sounded throughout as if she were taking her fences in a morning's gallop. Occasionally we could recognise 'the ethos of pathos' in the libretto; we learned that Act Three contained some of the most profoundly psychological music since that neglected masterpiece, 'La Bohème'; and at the end of a strenuous evening Mr. Reeve-Burden was talking to us in the old quivering-jelly manner which, in the past, would have introduced a new and incredible character. Alas for hope. 'Never mind . . . never mind!' murmured Reeve, and the programme fizzled like the last grains of sand slithering in the hour-glass. It was a disappointment; Mr. Reed had hardly kept it up. We must keep a stiff upper lip and wait for Douglas Cleverdon (who 'suddenly realised' the production) and the author to go back a bit and have a word with Stephen Shewin, safe in that house pullulating with cats. Throughout I waited in vain for the voice of Carleton Hobbs. My heart would have heard it and beat were it earth in an earthy bed.

The name of 'The Circle' on any programme must gladden us. It is one of the major plays of the last half-century; that, at this time, is all we need say. (Its mixed reception at the Haymarket *première* in 1921 is an odd snatch of history.) The latest revival, produced by Donald McWhinnie (Light) had several felicities—Leon Quartermaine's quilted voice as the 'downy old bird', Ronald Squire's grumpy plum of a Porteous, Alan Wheatley's Arnold (you knew that the man was 'somewhat bloodless'), and Betty Hardy's resolve not to force Lady Kitty ('The King would have given me India'). The much earlier 'Lady Frederick' (Light) is, relatively, a trifle, though a sherry-trifle. Rachel Gurney was well in the spirit of what, in print but nowhere else, we call the eponymous heroine, even if she would not use the brogue that, during the dressing-room scene, should have been at its broadest.

'Fear To Tread' (Home) took us out of Mr. Maugham's world into the world Liza of Lambeth would have known if she had been involved in a wild modern thriller. C. E. Webber's play, adapted from a novel by Michael Gilbert, may cause young men in search of adventure to apply for jobs as schoolmasters in south London. By the time the gang was brought to book—it was after the grenades had been tossed into the disused paint factory at St. Pancras, and the master-mind had yielded in his no doubt palatial house at Hampstead—I was ready, in a dazed condition, to confess to practically anything. However tall the story, we have to agree that Mr. Webber, his leading man (Derek Birch), and his producer (Frederick Bradnum) never paused. This, indeed, was keeping it up. J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Lecturers and Talkers

I GET GREAT PLEASURE from listening to good broadcasting, whether or not I understand what is being talked about. But this statement requires a sharper focus. By good broadcasting I mean good writing well delivered, and by good writing I don't mean, necessarily, what is well written for print, but what is well written for the air. And it must be, besides, in a language perfectly familiar to me, namely in English, because I must be able to appreciate the absolute appropriateness of the speaker's inflections and emphases.

This was the enjoyment I got when listening to Richard Wollheim on the subject of F. H. Bradley in the first of seven talks on 'Revolution in Philosophy'. Bradley was familiar to me by name only, I hadn't read a word of him, and I soon realised, as I listened to Mr. Wollheim, that I was unable to grasp what he was talking about. But although the argument was far above my head, he expressed himself so clearly and precisely that I very much enjoyed the talking. I might even have failed to notice in a less alert mood that to my untutored ears Bradley's philosophy was the purest balderdash.

To call the Reith Lectures talks would be to fly in the face of their name. As lectures on important themes, destined also for print, they must be delivered at a dignified pace and with a certain formality of language. Sir Oliver Franks' first lecture on 'Britain and the Tide of World Affairs' was admirable in both respects. It was oratory in its good and earliest sense of 'the art of speaking', and it roused in me an eager appetite for what is to follow.

There are other programmes which are lectures rather than talks, though more in the nature of lectures by specialists to students or other specialists; for example, a recent talk on 'The Temple of Mithras' by Professor J. M. C. Toynbee, and one last week, the first of two, on 'The Dead Sea Scrolls' by another professor, the Rev. H. H. Rowley. The news of the discoveries dealt with in these talks must have excited the imagination of many people, as they did mine. And, as it happened, *The Golden Bough* and Reinach's *Orpheus* had taught me something of Mithras in earlier days. But it is one thing to get an imaginative kick and another to be faced with a concentrated enumeration of dry facts and theories which would doubtless be of interest to specialists, but to the average intelligent Third Programme listener are fodder too dry to swallow. It is possible that both talks were intended for listeners trained in the subjects, in which case it is not for me to criticise them.

By way of refreshment I turn to the reminiscences of a first rate *raconteur*. The title of the set of three was 'Mission in Siberia'; the *raconteur* was General Sir Brian Horrocks. I dislike the use of a foreign word when there is as good a one in English, and actually there is an equally accurate one for the present purpose. But to call a man an 'anecdotalist' is, I feel, going too far. Sir Brian talks to the microphone with a commendable absence of class distinction; I mean, he treats it exactly as if it were one of a party of friends round the dinner-table. His description, simple, direct, full of sharp detail and warm feeling, of his experiences and adventures in Russia and Siberia when he was sent out after the first world war, to help the White Russians against the Reds, was enthralling.

But why talk of talking and lecturing when, as Dr. Magnus Pyke warned us in a Third Programme talk, the language of tomorrow may be 'Mechanised Speech'? The gas bill, as he pointed out, is no longer the work of a polite secretary but of an automatic computer, and there is no longer any reason why an electronic translator should not be evolved; indeed an elementary one already exists which can translate a sentence on a technical subject from Russian into English, which is already more than I can do. When these creatures are better educated, Dr. Pyke suggests, we may expect all international communications to be automatic. I hope not; for surely it will be a very long time before they can be taught to appreciate the finer shades of language. Meanwhile the chuckle-headed things will be blurting out the crudest approximations which may well produce international tension every other week. But I must not give the impression that Dr. Pyke made light of a serious scientific subject. He discussed present achievements and future possibilities seriously

and with a clearness which enabled me to grasp something at least of the set-up of the beastly things. MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Symphony and Song

SIR MALCOLM SARGENT returned from the Far East to resume command of the B.B.C. Orchestra at last week's public concert. The programme proved rather disappointing. For though it began well with a capital performance of 'The Fountains of Rome', which displays Respighi's gifts of picturesque description and lyricism at their best, this is only a musical *hors d'oeuvre*. The main courses were Beethoven's Concerto in G major, for which Artur Rubinstein had been engaged as pianist, and Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony in D minor.

Mr. Rubinstein is a virtuoso who can make his instrument sparkle and glitter with the utmost brilliance. And he is, withal, a first-rate musician, as his textual accuracy in this performance showed. But the Fourth Concerto is, of all that Beethoven wrote, the one least given to coruscation. Its qualities are depth of feeling and a lyricism often of the tenderest kind. The pianist could not fully meet these demands. He gave a most able performance, and a sincere one, true to his own character as a musician. But the spirit eluded him and in the finale he allowed his fingers to run away with the music. The orchestra ably backed him up, but in the slow movement an over-emphasis on the *staccato* articulation of the dotted rhythm produced a horribly lumpy, jolting effect.

Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony was the composer's 'reply to Just Criticism' after the row about 'Lady Macbeth'. Not unnaturally it suffers from its author's effort to toe the party line. The first movement alternates between really impressive passages and downright banality. In the slow movement again a feeling of great tension is created with the aid of a real, if not very original, melodic invention. The Scherzo, where one expected the sparks to fly, reminded me of Bruckner in its solid rhythm, and the finale ended in a sublimely commonplace apotheosis.

Two nights earlier we were able to hear some works by Stravinsky played by the Italian Radio Orchestra under the composer. 'Orphée', surely the most completely successful of Stravinsky's 'classical' pieces, was beautifully done, and out of its severe and consciously unemotional strains a deep and passionate sense of tragic pity emerged. After this the 'Scherzo Russe' proved a triviality and 'Scènes de Ballet' a jejune pastiche. And the distinguished composer contrived to drain of colour and brilliance, and so of most of its beauty, the familiar music of 'L'Oiseau de Feu', the finale of which was as dry as a ship's biscuit.

The Midland Chorus gave an interesting concert, part of which was repeated, containing André Caplet's beautiful 'Messe à trois voix', which the ladies of the choir sang very well, and Anthony Lewis' fine 'Tribute of Praise', which the composer has enlarged since I noticed it some months ago. These works and Palestrina's 'Magnificat on the first tone' were conducted by John Lowe. After the interval at the first concert Sir Arthur Bliss directed a performance of his Pastoral, 'Lie strewn the white flocks', whose exquisite beauty never palls. This was also well sung, though in the reception of it the echoes in Poliziano's poem came over much too loud, and Nancy Evans' voice proved rather too heavy for the lovely 'Pigeon Song'.

Three operas were presented during the week: 'The Bartered Bride' in a wonderfully vivid Czech recording, which made our English attempts at the work (good as we had thought some of them) seem heavy-footed; Menotti's



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'The Consul' relayed on its first performance from Sadler's Wells; and a revival of the excellent studio production of Bartók's 'Bluebeard's Castle'. 'The Consul' is a realistic play, powerful in its impact on the emotions, set to music which is in itself undistinguished and yet always serves to screw the emotional effect a turn or two higher. It is the kind of piece that does not bear analysis afterwards.

All sorts of questions arise in the mind, discovering a fundamental insincerity, not of feeling but artistic.

Bartók's opera is all allegory, a musical poem, which loses little from being broadcast, as much of Menotti's does (the conjurer's song makes no effect unless we see his sleight of hand). Joan Cross repeated her beautiful and moving performance as Judith and Geraint Evans' incisive

voice suited Bluebeard's character well. The performance was admirably presented, and the orchestral playing under Stanford Robinson's direction was excellent. But should not the singers be encouraged to sing their little phrases, often of six even quavers in a bar, with more flexibility and less precise exactitude in time-keeping?

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'Jenůfa'

By RICHARD GORER

Janáček's opera will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.30 p.m. on Thursday, November 25, and 5.30 p.m. on Sunday, November 28

MAX BROD, in the first study of Janáček to be published, remarked that 'Jenůfa' was the flower of the composer's genius and that 'Katya Kabanova' was its fruit. He added that he preferred the flower to the fruit. This preference is widespread. Although the later operas are in many ways more original creations and contain stranger sonorities, they are so extremely concentrated that the listener has little chance to appreciate all their felicities at a first hearing. By contrast 'Jenůfa' is expansive. Indeed it is the only one of the composer's mature operas (I cannot refer to either of its predecessors, 'Sarka' and the 'Start of a Romance', which are still unpublished) in which anyone has ever suggested cuts. For its first performance in Prague Kovařovic cut 44 bars in the first act, 21 in the second and 24 in the third. He also revised the orchestration and made a few changes. None of the cuts amounts to much, usually the elimination of repetitive bars, and the longest single excision is only nine bars in length. These cuts presumably had the composer's sanction and they are now always observed. It would be interesting to hear the opera with these extra eighty-nine bars and see if their removal has any real effect. From a study of the score it appears doubtful.

'Jenůfa' contains some features that are not to be found in any of the later operas. Perhaps the most outstanding is the wonderful quartet in A flat minor (of all appalling keys) on the words 'On this earth everyone has his burden of grief'. In form this quartet, to which later a four-part chorus is added, is similar to the ensembles of contemplation in Italian opera, but its effect is enhanced by the composer. This enhancement may be due to the fact that the quartet is in the Dorian mode, but even more its effect is due to the placing of the piece. As a general rule Janáček did not make many concessions to the picturesque: the scene of 'Katya Kabanova' is Russia but there is nothing specifically Russian in the music until we get to Kudraš' ballad in the last scene of the second act; the themes of 'Mr. Brouček' transform themselves appropriately as the scene changes to the moon or the time changes to the fifteenth century; the poultry in 'The Sly Vixen' make appropriate noises, but in general the emphasis is on the characters and not on their surroundings.

In the first act of 'Jenůfa' the landscape is part of the drama. The first thing we hear is the click-clack of the mill-wheel, as rendered by the xylophone, and throughout the act when characters are giving way to despair the mill-wheel is suddenly heard with its insistent message that life is dynamic not static. The characters cannot luxuriate in despair; life must go on. Perhaps the most effective of the xylophone's entries is after the quartet with its

emotion of resignation. The theme of the quartet will be heard again in the introduction to the last act. Jenůfa and Laca are to be married, but Jenůfa is overwhelmed with grief, and though the scene is ostensibly cheerful it is in reality otherwise. To set the emotional climate Janáček transforms the theme of the quartet into a kind of polka and combines it with another polka melody. There are several examples of this recollection of previously heard melodies in 'Jenůfa'. Indeed one melody, first heard on the oboe early in the first act when Jenůfa implores the Virgin to have pity on her, is heard so many times throughout the opera that it has almost the quality of a *leit-motiv*. In the second act the *Kostelníčka* recalls the charms of the infant Jenůfa; at the end of the act Jenůfa learns that her own child has died and we hear the theme again, but, whereas at its first appearance it was heard on clarinet and solo violin in a major key, it is now heard in the minor and in the depths of the bass. It may be argued with some justification that such recollections assume a greater grasp than most listeners can provide at a first hearing, but they do not prevent the opera making a powerful first impact and they enhance the delight of further hearings.

Janáček's dictum that the rhythm of the spoken word will dictate the melodic curve of the music is well known, but in 'Jenůfa' he also lets the predominant emotions of his characters impose their own rhythms and often the two are combined in a kind of rhythmic counterpoint. In the first act Laca's restlessness is typified by a predominantly 6/8 rhythm, though this may be in the orchestra while the vocal line is rhythmically different or *vice-versa*. It is not until the end of the second act that his music becomes more regular and he achieves his desires. The *Kostelníčka* shows her pride and irritation by isolated bursts of semiquavers; all her music is rhythmically complicated and usually at variance with the flow in the orchestra. She is shown as imposing herself on her environment by sheer will-power and this she does triumphantly, going eventually to her doom to the sound of triumphant C major chords.

Jenůfa, on the other hand, shows her resignation and Christian humility in long flowing melodies that conform to the rhythms of the orchestra. Even in the first act, when she is first anxious and later in despair, it is not until the end, in her quarrel with Laca, that she loses her (musical) self-control. Steva, the *coq du village*, as Daniel Muller amusingly terms him, has music that staggers and hiccoughs as he himself does. Although some of the characters are complicated, Janáček never forgets that they are superstitious peasants and the music is always liable to take on the contours of folksong although no actual folksongs are quoted.

Though the characters on the stage are con-

sistently and clearly depicted, the orchestra plays a variety of roles. It is used for scene-painting, for portraying changes in the emotional climate, for caricature, and for telling us what the characters are thinking, if it is different from what they are saying. In most operas the orchestra has one predominant role but in 'Jenůfa' it is protean. The character of the mayor, for example, is depicted almost entirely in the orchestra. His lightest remark is accompanied by descending scales in the bass that give an indescribable effect of complacent pomposity.

Most of the musical material is organised on the composer's favourite habit of developing material to its utmost and then discarding it. He usually allows himself two themes to every scene and these will be enriched with counterpoints so that an approximation to symphonic treatment takes place. As this method has been found baffling by some, I should like, at the risk of being tedious, to give a brief sample analysis. Act II starts with a loud semiquaver triplet C sharp, then, over a C sharp pedal, occurs an undulating four-bar figure of uncertain tonality, nearer to F sharp minor than anything else. This is repeated once but, at what we expect to be the third appearance of the undulating figure, the melody rises instead of falls and prolongs itself to thirteen bars. We return to the original key and a second theme beginning with three C sharps (but dotted crotchets this time), rising a semitone and ending with an important semiquaver figure F sharp, B, E, D, C sharp. This material provides all that is necessary until we reach cue number 5, when the semiquaver figure becomes predominant. At 8 the undulating figure appears high up in the treble, while below a new melody—an inversion of the semiquaver figure—appears. (This is the melody associated with Jenůfa's infancy referred to above.) The inversion and the original figure alternate until 10, when the original figure serves as accompaniment to a new four-bar tune. The semiquaver figure soon dies away, but a variant of its inversion occurs until we get to 12 when the undulating figure, in diminution, reappears as accompaniment to a new vocal melody which bears some affinity to the semiquaver figure.

The scene ends with yet another variant of this tune, but the connection is now very tenuous. The melodies begin and end on the same notes and the melodic contour is the same, but we have moved far from where we started and it is with no sense of shock that we move on to the next scene and fresh material.

Thus Janáček's apparently haphazard method of composition can be shown to have its own logic and consistency, although such an analysis leaves the essential mysteries unsolved. Why is the result both beautiful and dramatic? Alas, beauty and drama are not subjects susceptible to analysis.



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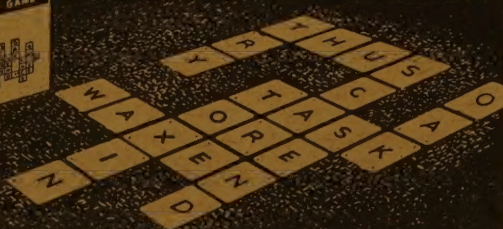


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For the Housewife

Feeding a Young Family

By ANN HARDY

A LISTENER has asked for help in planning nourishing but inexpensive meals for a family of five school-children. She has £6 a week to spend on food.

Food is divided mainly into three classes—the flesh-forming, the heat-giving, and the bone-forming. The ideal diet is a properly balanced mixture of all three. The important first group—the proteins—are the more expensive articles of food, so it is most essential that you should know how to get the best value out of them.

Take fish, for instance: what wonderful value you get out of the cheap fresh herring! They are most nourishing. Dipped in oatmeal and fried they have an even higher food value. You can have one of the best cheap meals by stuffing them with veal stuffing and baking them. Served with nicely cooked carrots, potatoes, and parsley sauce, followed by a quart milk pudding or a boiled treacle pudding, you would have a well-balanced main meal for a family of seven at a cost of about 5s. Kippers and bloaters are also excellent value.

Cornish pasties are a good high-tea savoury. You want good steak, but very little of it, for onion and potato make up the bulk of the filling. A potato pie is also good value. Slice potatoes and onions and fill a pie-dish with alternate layers of them. Cover with milk and simmer gently, then just before serving put a thick layer of sliced cheese on top, and brown.

Do not cut down on milk. To equal the food value of one pint of milk you would have to

buy half a pound of meat, or five eggs, or one to one-and-a-half pounds of fish.

Sausages form the basis of many economical dishes. Cooked in batter they are a good, cheap, main dish. Remember that sausage meat is pence a pound cheaper than sausages. Potatoes stuffed with sausage meat and roasted are very good. Macaroni and spaghetti dishes with cheese make filling, savoury, and nourishing supper dishes. Boiled onions and cheese make another good dish.

For the main meal of the day you should have protein in some form, usually meat or fish, and you should have carbohydrate, mineral salts, and vitamins, which you will get in your vegetables and puddings. At the week-end, you will find a wing rib of beef most profitable. An imported wing rib, weighing seven pounds, will cost you about £1, and if you have it hot one day, then cold the second day, you should have enough left for a meal for two of you for another two days. For the other three days when there are only two of you, you can buy half a pound of imported shin of beef for about 1s., or you can get good tripe for even less. Haricot beans are the most nourishing of all vegetables. If you want to cut down on your meat bill, use one part of meat to two parts of haricots, and you will get the same amount of nourishment.

Broadly, how can we allocate £6 for a family of seven for one week? I suggest: bread, 2 loaves a day, 10s.; butter, 3lb. weekly, 11s.; margarine and lard, 4s. 8d.; milk, £1. 4s. 6d.;

meat and fish, £1.15s. This leaves about 35s. for vegetables and fruits and other groceries. Remember it is nearly always extravagant to buy in small quantities. It is cheaper to buy oatmeal than breakfast oats, but it takes longer to cook. Porridge made from oatmeal, with sugar or syrup and milk added, is a perfect food. Then biscuits: if possible make your own; they are cheaper and better. Home-made scones, gingerbread, and the old-fashioned fruit cakes made with yeast are top value in the cake line.

—'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

ANDREW SHONFIELD (page 835): Foreign editor of the *Financial Times*

W. B. BONNOR (page 847): Lecturer in Applied Mathematics, Liverpool University

MAX LOCK, F.R.I.B.A., M.T.P.I. (page 850): architect and town-planning consultant; director and author of *Surveys and Plans* for Middlesbrough, the Hartlepoons, Portsmouth District, and Bedford

D. S. SAVAGE (page 852): literary critic; author of *The Withered Branch*

PETER LASLETT (page 856): Lecturer in Modern History, Cambridge University; author of an edition of Sir Robert Filmer's *Patriarcha* and various articles on John Locke

LIONEL HALE (page 860): journalist, critic, and dramatist; author of *The Old Vic 1949-50*

Crossword No. 1,281.

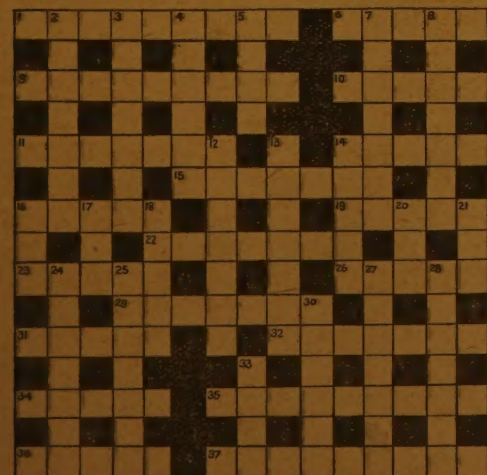
Schizologia—V.

By Tyke

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Closing date: First post on Thursday, November 25

Clues 1, 22, and 37 are normal. In the remainder, the clue leads to an intermediate word of the number of letters shown in brackets. Each intermediate word is to be divided into two parts, one of which, without further alteration, is inserted in the appropriate spaces to form either the beginning or the end of a new word. The other part, again without alteration, is inserted elsewhere in the puzzle, to complete a word. Thus, HARDEST, ROYAL, and FOR might lead to BESTROY and ROAK, leaving HAR and R for use with other part-words. Punctuation (or the lack of it) in the clues is mainly misleading and is best ignored.



CLUES—ACROSS

1. 'For the apparel oft — the man' (9).
6. This boat has something distorted about her (6).
9. Success in a shot makes for a good lead (8).
10. Barbarian half-German exhibits craving for food (6).
11. Heaven is found in a procession (8).
14. A witty saying to her parent (6).
15. Describes a well-known animal—familiarily one of five in the Scot's eye (6).
16. Yes, upset about her engagement token, the little squirt (7).
19. See 20 (4).
22. The fourth Sunday in Lent (7).
23. The alcoholic solution of a drug has lost its power to heal: there is only a slight coloration left (4).
26. Stiffly-formal, shortened version of a devotional song is very affected (6).
29. A constable, thieves used to say, merely reverses an injury (6).
31. Harmonised with a short silver wind-instrument (6).
32. In the manner of a carousel (5).
34. Alcoholic liquor generally can provoke aches (as our forbears would recognise) (4).
35. This papal envoy has a skilful manner of doing things (8).
36. Putrefaction is lacking in a genus of almost legless skinks (4).
37. A suspension of legal proceedings about a teacher, with legislative authority (9).

DOWN

2. What you must do at this moment (4).
3. Tableland recently found in a place in the Pyrenees (7).
4. Plant that is essential to organised horticulture (5).
5. Take Costard's attempted enigma: the answer is not a lemon but a fruit that splits into two parts (5).
7. One's family displays a sort of communism (7).
8. A handkerchief that can be used for a type of painting (5).
12. In short, the English character is distinguished by its evenness (8).
13. Wise men put an end to communications (5).
14. Reduced to a confusion of various colours (4).
16. He attempts the translation of Treves into German (5).
17. Here ignorance will be bliss to the solver—an abnormal thing (5).
18. The specimen is a shilling short, but it is quite large enough (5).

20. If it is lacking in dignity, a transposition of two adjacent letters provides a synonym for 19 (5).
21. To treat by this famous surgeon's methods is merely to sterilise a little differently (6).
24. Roughest component of crude steel (6).
25. Citizen requires a brave man, lacking nothing, to follow a retreating larva (7).
27. Make a circuit of a backward Latin country with a cycle (8).
28. Periodical drink (5).
30. You will see us in a mishapen tree, with tip blunt and broadly notched (6).
33. Not a very neat extract from the Leigh Hunt *Idylls* (6).

Solution of No. 1,279

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37
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I	A	M	B	U	S	D	Y	K	E	S	D	U	O																							
S	N	E	E	R	E	I	T	P	A	L	L	S	T																							
T	I	S	S	U	E	S	S	A	B	A	O	T	H																							
I	L	E	U	S	H	C	U	R	R	I	C	L	E																							
C	L	E	R	I	C	A	L	W	O	R	K	E	R																							

NOTES

Across: 1. (145); 14. (126); 15. (53); 17. (54); 18. (60); 19. (71); 20. (77); 21. (133); 25. (87); 27. (71); 28. (70, rev.); 29. (67, rev.); 30. (81); 31. (93); 34. (97); 36. (111); 38. (112); 41. (91); 42. (113); 44. (88, rev.); 45. (115); 46. (168); 48. (124); 50. (126); 51. (150); 52. (215).
Down: 1. (116); 2. (68); 3. (31); 4. (58); 5. (55); 6. (33, rev.); 7. (20, rev.); 8. (28); 9. (10); 10. (58); 11. (27); 12. (60, rev.); 13. (149); 16. (37); 22. (83); 23. (47); 24. (68); 26. (71); 32. (67, rev.); 33. (48); 35. (120); 37. (106); 38. (63); 39. (126, rev.); 40. (89, rev.); 43. (96, rev.); 45. (93, rev.); 47. (70); 49. (74, rev.).

The 'unknown quantity' is 10

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